MICHELE NARDI
THE ITALIAN EVANGELIST
LIFE AND WORK

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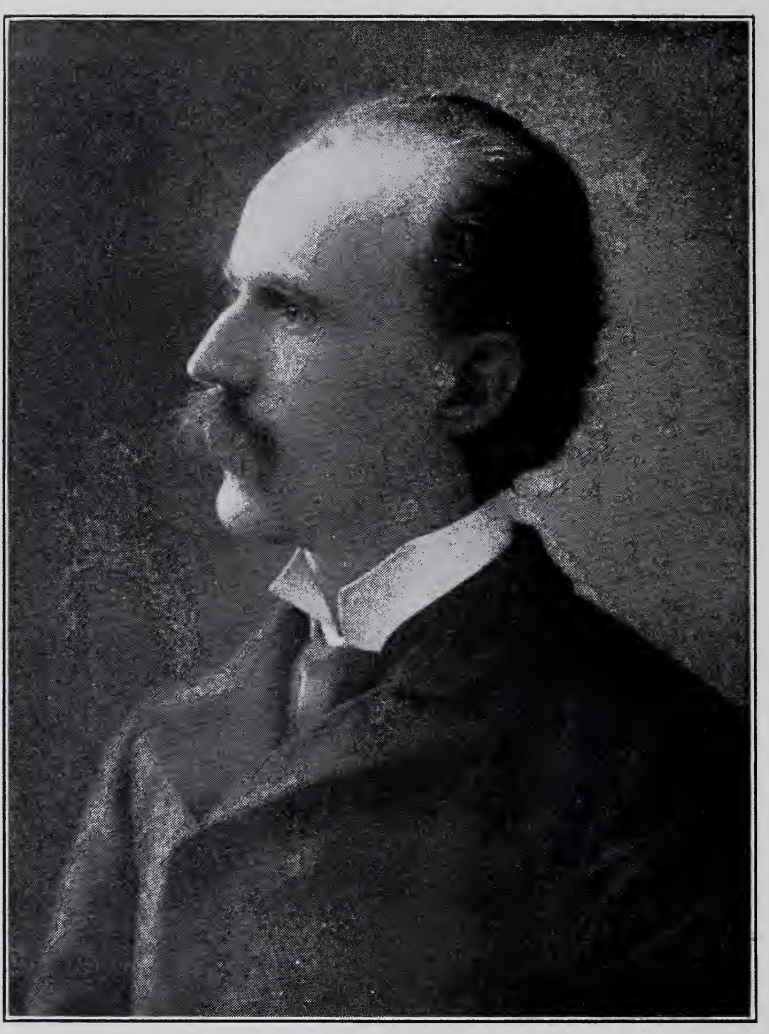

MICHELE NARDI

Michele Nardi

THE

Italian Evangelist

HIS LIFE AND WORK

Compiled by
Rev. A. B. Simpson

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PREFACE

IT is the supreme glory of some noble lives that the man himself was greater than his work or the story of his achievements. It is difficult for this reason to do justice to the portrait of Michele Nardi. He was unique, original, intense, dramatic, and difficult to translate into ordinary terms of expression. Who can forget the way he used to say "Praise the Lord"? Who can forget his shining and transparent face, and his pose and attitude eloquent of force and deep sincerity? He carried his heart on his sleeve and was "a living epistle, known and read of all men."

The writer counts it a great privilege to have even a modest part in making his life and testimony live and continue to speak for the voice that now is still. He had the privilege of knowing him from the beginning of his career, and knowing him and his beloved wife intimately. The following sketch is really the simple story, which her own loving hand has traced, slightly revised and reconstructed for

better literary effect. But the simplicity of the story is its real charm, and the unaffectedness of the little volume will make both their lives more intensely real to the large circle who knew and loved them so well.

The story is further extended in the testimonies of many friends, who have gladly united to bring their tributes of affection and veneration to his sacred memory. Among these we are permitted to include Rev. A. F. Schauffler, President of the New York City Mission, who has kindly consented to write the introduction; Mrs. S. G. Beck, of Germantown, to whom the volume is respectfully dedicated; Rev. Dr. Ely, Rev. Mr. Agide Perazzini, and others.

It is not necessary that the writer should add to these testimonies. The life story speaks for itself. We thank God for the life that was behind it, and the works that do follow.

A. B. Simpson.

New York, March 20, 1916.

This volume is lovingly dedicated to
MRS. SARAH G. BECK,
Germantown, Pa.,
the generous helper in every noble cause and
the lifelong friend of Michele and
Blanche Nardi

INTRODUCTION

THE REV. MICHELE NARDI, whose biography is herewith issued, was a remarkable man. The story of his life is so fully told in the following pages that by way of introduction little seems to be called for. That little will naturally take the form of "An Appreciation" by the undersigned.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Nardi dates back some years when I went to Philadelphia to assist him in work he was at that time carrying on among the Italians in that city. I then at once saw he was a man of unusual oratorical gifts and that he had a strong hold on the hearts of his fellow-countrymen who had gathered at the services over which he had presided. In due time the New York City Mission was looking for a man to take the place of its veteran Italian pastor, the Rev. A. A. Arrighi, and the Society was quite persuaded that there was no more acceptable and reliable man than just the one whom I had heard in Philadelphia. We then issued him a call,

and for about six years he had charge of our Italian Mission in Charlton Street, which during this time became the Charlton Street Memorial Church, and for about two years he also had charge of the Italian work in the Broome Street Tabernacle. Here Mr. Nardi was instant in season and out of season, not only preaching and teaching, but visiting incessantly, like the apostle Paul, from house to house, beseeching every man to be reconciled to God. Mr. Nardi was a man possessed with the Spirit of his Master, and for him it was "meat and drink" to do the will of his Heavenly Father. As a pulpit orator he manifested all the fervor of his race. His preaching, however, was thoroughly evangelical and evangelistic; his only aim being to bring everyone into vital union with Christ as his Saviour, and then to build them up in their Christian life, so that they in turn should be winners of souls. He believed in the Word and always preached it faithfully, never turning aside to political or other themes and never indulging in the clap-trap of cheap attacks on the Catholic Church. His one aim was to set up

a standard of truth as laid down in the Bible and let all else take care of itself.

While he was with the City Mission, he also coöperated in the Evangelistic Summer Tent Work; and here too he was a tower of strength. Italian audiences always hung on his words, and were fascinated by the message that he had to give.

In 1913 Mr. Nardi left us to return to his native land, and the City Mission parted with him with sincere regret and with feelings of high esteem for the splendid work he had done while with us. The same fervor which he displayed while in New York manifested itself in Italy. Practically, Mr. Nardi burned himself out. Had he been more sparing of his strength, his ministry would undoubtedly have been more prolonged. He felt that he must work while it was day, and so he flamed on, until his light swiftly went out, and he entered into that life where all is light, where there is no weakness, or weariness, or cessation of service, and where in his Master's presence he can realize that larger life and perfect service of which he often spoke to his congrega-

tions. The City Mission is glad that it had the privilege of having Mr. Nardi in its work for so many years.

A. F. Schauffler, D.D.,

President N. Y. City Mission Society.

Chapter I

BIRTH, EARLY LIFE, AND CONVERSION

MICHELE NARDI'S start in life was not without a touch of romance. He was born in 1859, at Savignano di Romagna, Province of Forli, on the river Rubicon; his birthplace being just where Julius Cæsar had crossed it. His parents were Roman Catholics; his father, a merchant.

At the age of seventeen he joined the Army under Garibaldi and was afterwards awarded two medals for distinguished bravery.

When he was about nineteen, he went to Florence to study Antiquary, and remained for three years. It was here that he came in contact with an English family who took a great interest in him and taught him to speak English. He also became acquainted with many tourists from England and America who traveled through Italy.

America

IT was at the persuasion of some of these, that he came to America, where he was

promised better opportunities than in his native land. Like many others, his main purpose was to attain wealth.

As he was of the higher class of Italians, educated, of stately demeanor, and very gentle in manners, he won the confidence of all who knew him.

But upon his arrival in America he found that his profession did not give him a sufficient income. It was too new a country to give much oportunity for antiquarian studies. About this time, another Italian, who had been in America some years before and had become acquainted with "Get-rich-quick" methods, laid some plans before Mr. Nardi by which they could make a great deal of money.

Business Ventures

ACCORDINGLY they took contracts to build railroads, for which purpose they employed their fellow countrymen, who did their work so well that the Irish, who were giving a lot of trouble and doing inferior work, were set aside, and the Italians flocked to this country by the hundreds.

These two men were among the first to introduce Italian labor into America.

But, by the time they were established in their new-found joy of making money by the thousand, the Jay Gould failure visited them with others, and for the time ruined their business.

The news of the excellent work done by these Italian contractors soon spread. But times were very hard, and the Italians were starving in New York City.

In Pittsburgh, the "Molly Maguire" trouble was raging. But a few of the mine owners decided to try the Italians, of whose good work they had heard. The mine owners came to New York, and Nardi and his companion signed a contract to mine coal for a Pittsburgh coal company.

They loaded a train with Italians, who were glad to do anything to keep from starving. But when they arrived in Pittsburgh, they were met by a raging mob who wanted to kill the newcomers, none of whom could speak English but Mr. Nardi and his partner. Taking in the situation, one of them slipped out through the throng and soon returned with weapons with which to defend

themselves. All knew how to fight, and they did fight, led by Nardi, and in time the "Molly Maguires" were driven out. But for all this trouble and danger (for they had to fight continually for their lives) they received no pay.

Disappointed in this adventure, they again returned to railroad contracting in the western part of Pennsylvania. Once, when they had one road almost completed, a flood came and did a great deal of damage, destroying about twenty thousand dollars' worth of work. But in spite of these losses, Nardi was still full of hope, and pressed on.

Again hard times set in, and his Italian countrymen were starving. His heart went out to them, and he wanted to help them. Hearing that a firm in Pittsburgh was anxious to get a charcoal that would meet their requirements, he consulted some of his men who had followed the business of burning charcoal in Italy, and, having obtained the desired information, he laid his method before the company. They at once accepted his proposal and agreed to try the new charcoal.

At the same time a colony of Economites,

who had settled near Pittsburgh, were clearing a large tract of land. Hearing of their desire to dispose of the lumber, he applied for the contract to remove it. He took several hundred men out in the woods, and for two years they turned out the best charcoal that had ever been used in Pittsburgh up to that time. During this time he also acted as Consul for the Italians in Pittsburgh.

Revisits Italy

MEANWHILE he made frequent visits to Italy to see his mother and friends.

But during all these ten years in America no one had offered him a Bible.

On one of his trips to Europe he met an American business man at the Paris Exposition in 1878, who later played an important part in the change that occurred in Mr. Nardi's life. The American was exhibiting his patented articles at the Paris Exposition where Nardi joined him and worked for him, and they became very intimate. Mr. Nardi was a great help to him because of his knowledge of French. He could also speak German fluently, having acquired it at Economy, among the Germans.

They both returned to America after the Exposition, Mr. Nardi to his business in Pittsburgh, and the American to his home.

But the latter, while visiting his sister, received what she had been praying and praising God for, for seven years,—his salvation.

Mr. Nardi was again contracting, and was doing nicely in his business. He also took an interest in stocks, and by shrewd investments was on his way to acquire his desire: namely, wealth.

New Religious Influences

IT was while in Philadelphia, looking after his business in the Stock Exchange, that he again visited his American friend, who was no longer the man he had once known. There were now some things which they could no longer enjoy together, for as the American said, "I was dead, but now I live." This man had prayed much that God would show him how to reach his Italian friend with the Gospel. He asked him if he had ever read the Bible, to which Mr. Nardi answered "No." He said he knew nothing about it, and that no one had ever approached him concerning the things of the

Bible, although he had lived among Protestants all these years. The American then asked him to read the Bible, giving him a large Bible of family size. But Mr. Nardi told him he had not the time to read such a big book, so his friend marked a portion for him to read. Mr. Nardi took it to his hotel to please his friend, having promised to read the portion which was marked.

His Conversion

WHILE waiting for his dinner, he remembered his promise (and being conscientious he wished to keep it); so he turned to the marked portion which was John 1:12. A man of quick perception, he at once noticed his privilege to become a son of God. He immediately told the Lord that he wanted to be His son, and he then and there accepted Christ as his Saviour, and had the joy of knowing his sins forgiven.

But while Mr. Nardi was reading, there were seven people praying that God would make His Word life to this Italian friend.

Mr. Nardi prayed to God in simple faith, saying, "If Thou wilt give me power to become

Thy son, I want to be Thy son right now."

God answered prayer, and he jumped to his feet and said, "Praise the Lord." Then he heard the call of God to forsake all and follow Him.

So deep was the work of God in his soul that he went to the Stock Exchange at once and asked them to strike his name from the list. Mr. Nardi had bought stocks at a time when their value had dropped, but now they were increasing, so that in a few days he would have made a large sum of money. The man in the Exchange thought he had gone crazy, but he soon told him of his new-found joy and explained to him why he took this attitude.

He then returned to Pittsburgh and as soon as possible closed out his business there.

Separation and Meditation

HE next went to Economy, and taking his English Bible and a few blankets, he settled himself in a little hut in the woods to study God's Word. For some months he lived in entire seclusion. But after much persuasion on the part of some of his

friends, who finally discovered his whereabouts, he forsook his little hut and lived for a while in a private home. He was discovered by some one's seeing the tracks in the snow and following them to the little hut where Nardi was living without fire or furniture. Once, when asked how he kept warm, he said it must have been the Holy Spirit Who kept him warm.

While here he studied his English Bible (for he knew no other), and soon he saw that certain words were used a great many times; so he set those words together, giving their references. At the time he thought he had discovered something useful; but when he came out of his seclusion, he found that a concordance had been in use for many years.

Visits New York

WHILE in Economy, he received a few Methodist papers in which was announced the Tuesday afternoon Holiness meeting, in the house of Mrs. Sarah Palmer, 316 E. 15th St., New York. He cut out this address and with several others put it in his pocket. He placed these addresses in differ-

ent pockets so that, in case he should lose one, he could still find another. He decided to go to New York and attend those meetings.

Denominationalism did not appeal to him, because he could not understand it; but when he walked along 23d Street, in New York City, one day, he saw the sign, "Gospel Tabernacle." He said to himself, "This is the place for me." He attended the meeting and found the teaching just what he had learned in his Bible. He there heard Dr. Simpson, Major Cole, Henry Varley, and others. During one of the services, an invitation was given for any one who wished to dedicate himself to the Lord to come forward. Mr. Nardi responded, and the above-named with three others, laid their hands on him and set him apart for the Lord's service. He never accepted another ordination, though many tried to have him officially ordained.

About this time the Camp Meetings were in full swing at Ocean Grove. He went there, and during one of their meetings he gave his testimony to what the Lord had done for him. Later he was asked to give

it before the assembly from the platform, because all who heard him were much impressed with the sincerity of this one who seemed to stand alone among Italians at that time in this country as a Protestant.

In Mrs. Palmer's Home

AMONG the many who heard him was Mrs. Sarah Palmer from New York City, and she was so impressed by what he said, as well as by his earnestness, that she afterwards went to the Gospel Tabernacle in New York and asked where she might find that Italian. She left word with Mr. Simpson that she wished to see him. Accordingly he went to the Tuesday afternoon meeting held in her home. Mrs. Palmer had a conference with him, and after much persuasion, he consented to live in her hospitable home. Her object was to teach the young man the way of God more perfectly. It was while here that he met many holy men and women of God who all left their impress on his character, among them prominent Methodist Bishops and leaders in the church, who were entertained at Mrs. Palmer's home during those four years.

Bible Training

DURING these years he became rooted and grounded in the truth, which must have had much to do with his success in later years. He also did much personal work among his own countrymen in hospitals, and prisons, and among the fruit-venders of New York. At this time there was only one Italian Protestant church in New York, under the leadership of Rev. Antonio Arrighi.

He took every opportunity to hear the best Bible teachers and frequently attended the lectures at the Missionary Training School, though he was not an enrolled student. But his one book and instructor was the Bible.

The success of his work among the Italian unfortunates was so evident that even the Italian Press gave him recognition and wrote occasional accounts of it. In one of these articles they used this beautiful expression—"They could point to him and say, 'There goes the man who was born with the Golden heart.' "

Up to this time he did not feel led to open

any regular mission among his people, but confined his efforts to doing personal work and speaking in other missions and churches.

Marriage

DURING the few years that he was in New York, he met one of the students at the Missionary Training School, Miss Blanche Phillips, who afterwards became his wife. They were married in the home of Mr. Kinney at Sing Sing, by Rev. A. B. Simpson. The ceremony was very impressive, Mr. Nardi following it, while they were still kneeling, by prayer. Even the colored caterer said that it was a holy marriage. The invitations to the wedding had on them this inscription, "Both Jesus and His disciples were called to the marriage." The power of the Lord was surely present, to which the guests all testified.

Chapter II

EVANGELISTIC WORK

AFTER a few months Mr. and Mrs. Nardi left for the West, to begin their pioneer work among their dear Italians. Their first stopping place was East Pittsburgh, where they visited the sister of Mrs. Nardi and found to their glad surprise several hundred Italian laborers working on a new car track, on Highland Avenue. They immediately began visiting them in their shanties, distributing tracts during the day, and visiting in the homes at night. They spent all day Sunday with them and preached to them in the open air. One Sunday morning in particular that Mrs. Nardi recalls, they went out on a vacant lot back of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there Mr. Nardi preached in power to a large crowd who had gathered, and many listened from their windows and back yards. At the close of the meeting there were nine who bought Bibles from a representative of

the Bible Society who was present. Some Irish Catholics who were present called out "Protestant! Protestant!" and at once some of those who had bought the Bibles became frightened and brought the Bibles back; but Mr. Nardi soon assured them that they contained the true Gospel of Salvation, after which they kept them. For about six weeks they continued their work among the Italians of Pittsburgh.

About this time they heard that great numbers of Italians were in Chicago, and Mr. Nardi felt called to go to preach to them also. However, the work in Pittsburgh had its lasting effect, for a few ladies became interested in the work among the Italians, and soon started a mission which later developed into the Italian Presbyterian Church in East Liberty. These ladies extended a call to a young Waldensian minister directly from Italy who responded to the call and was much used of God in the early days of the mission. Mr. Nardi frequently visited the field. At the present time there are several Italian Churches and Missions in Pittsburgh and vicinity.

Other Cities Also

SOME Temperance ladies in New Castle heard of the Italian Evangelist in Pittsburgh and gave him an invitation to come and speak to the Italians in that town. They went and visited them in their homes, distributing tracts, gospels, and Bibles, and many were converted. Beaver Falls and Carbon Hill were also visited and meetings held at these places, and tracts, Gospels, and Bibles distributed from shanty to shanty and house to house through the snow. The opposition on the part of some was awful, but others received the Word gladly and became new creatures in Christ Jesus.

While they opened no missions at these places, they sowed the seed, and others followed to reap. There are now promising churches and missions in these places which were started since their first visit.

Their work was not confined to the Italians, but Mr. Nardi also preached to Americans everywhere he went.

They also visited Youngstown and spent one month in work for the Master there.

The Italians in these towns were employed in quarrying stone and doing similar work, and lived in mere huts. One Sunday morning they went through the field of snow to the stone quarry to a little shanty where they found five Italians; one was rolling out the macaroni, and one was reading the Gospel. Mr. and Mrs. Nardi sat down on oil cans (chairs were not in evidence) and had a meeting with them.

Once when they had announced a meeting, the Italians prepared for the service by erecting an altar, draping it nicely, setting the cross on it, and lighting the candles,—and while they were waiting, they smoked in the same room. It showed their interest on one hand and their need to know the truth on the other.

Some of those who were converted returned later to Italy and have been among the Protestant leaders there. They carried the Gospel (their new-found treasure) to their loved ones in Italy, and some of the most substantial work there has been done by those converted in America.

Chicago

ARRIVING in Chicago, they inquired where the Italians had their settlement, and were told that they could find many of them on South Clark Street. Finding them in great numbers in the streets, they at once began their work among them in the open air.

While attending a noon-day prayer meeting, a Christian brother offered the use of the second floor of his coal office for a Mission to the Italians in "Hell's Half Acre," which was considered the worst part of Chicago. They accepted the offer and set about at once to get it in order, by cleaning, scouring, and whitewashing, until it was quite a nice hall. The neighborhood was so bad that the man did not want to rent those rooms to any one else, so he was glad to let it out free of charge as a Mission Hall. The first seats were made of planks which had been stored on the roof, and an old organ which they found about the building was their first musical instrument.

The first meeting was held on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Nardi went down on the streets and invited the men to come in and hear the

Gospel. They asked "Where?" and he said, "Come and see." Seven followed him, and he preached to them. The hall soon filled up, and the work grew rapidly. Some American ladies, who became interested in the work, wanted to do something for these needy people. They opened a Polytechnic school for the boys and girls in the neighborhood who were newsboys and girls and bootblacks, and also a kindergarten for the little ones in the mornings. Some of the workers from the Bible Society came down and opened a Sunday-school and a sewing school. So the work prospered. Much could be said about what God did among these Italians, if space permitted.

There were a few Evangelical families of the Waldensian Church of Italy who lived on the North Side of Chicago. Hearing of Mr. Nardi and the meeting, they came to the South Clark Street Mission and brought with them Italian hymn books. They then persuaded Mr. Nardi to come over on the North Side and hold meetings in their colony. For several weeks he preached to them in a Scandinavian Y. M. C. A. every Sunday night. This, however, was only a temporary abode.

About this time Mr. Nardi met Mr. Simmons, a godly man, Land Commissioner for the Northwestern Railroad, who used his influence to secure the R. R. Y. M. C. A. hall right in the vicinity of the Italians. They gave the hall,—heat, light, and all—free of charge for a few years, and it was here that the first Italian Church of Chicago was organized with a membership of 54, April 17th, 1892.

A large colony of Italians were found living on the Southwest side of Chicago. Mr. Nardi felt led of the Lord to open a work here. Renting a cottage of five rooms, he tore down all the partitions, making one large hall which seated 150 people. The rent was fifteen dollars a month.

Here they had much persecution from the Irish Catholics. But the Lord mightily blessed all three Missions. Here also the Bible Society workers came to their help, and soon there was a large Sunday-school, and sewing school, and evening classes in English where the Bible was the text-book. In this way many were caught in the net. Much might be said of the work done in these three Missions.

About this time they felt their need of a helper, and a Waldensian minister, Mr. Theophilus Gai from Italy, while in this country collecting money for the work in Italy, came to Chicago, and, hearing of the Italian work, came to visit Mr. Nardi. This was the first time Mr. Nardi had met a real Waldensian (that is, a Waldensian born). Mr. Gai went with Mr. Nardi from mission to mission and was greatly surprised at the power of God manifested among the Italians. Mr. Nardi asked him if he could send him a young man filled with the Holy Ghost who *would* come. He replied that he had a "real Barnabas" who had been in America but was now in Italy.

Up to this time the work had been done independently trusting only in the Lord, and appealing to no one for financial help.

The Work Taken Over by the Presbyterians

BUT now the work had become known to the Presbyterians, and they offered to take hold of it and pay the salary of the young minister when he would come. Ere long Mr. Grilli came from Italy and took hold of the work with great enthusiasm.

For some time it was felt that a building of their own on the North Side was needed. A Mr. Willing, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, gave ten thousand dollars for this purpose, and a very neat church building was soon erected on West Ohio Street. The Mission then removed from the R. R. Y. M. C. A. hall to the new church.

Italian Work

THE Presbyterian Board of Chicago shortly after published the following report—in the *Interior:*

"The work among the Italians in our own Presbytery has two principal centers, the Italian church at 73 West Ohio street, near Halsted, and the Nardi Mission at 148 West Taylor street. The latter was named for Signor Nardi who was among the first to inaugurate Protestant mission work among the Italians in Chicago. The recital of the experiences of Signor Nardi since he first came to this country is in itself most interesting. Finely educated and an artist of note, he came to America to be an art critic. Arriving in New York City, his attention was arrested by the distress among his country-

men in and around Five Points, and he at once began the study of bettering their condition. The further he investigated, the more enthused he became and finally decided to abandon art for the time being. He submitted a plan to one of the eastern railroads to take a contract for building their road-bed using only Italians as laborers, himself superintending the work. His proposition was accepted; and although it created quite a furor among the Irish and American laborers, as many will recall, it was successfully carried out. At that time he refused all religions, even that of his mother country, and not until some months later did he accept Christ and his teachings. After studying under the direction of the Rev. A. B. Simpson of New York city, Mr. Nardi and his wife, also a student of Dr. Simpson's, began evangelistic work, coming to Chicago in 1889. Mr. and Mrs. Nardi together with workers of the Chicago Bible society held meetings in cottages, on street corners, or visited from house to house, giving the gospel to Italians whenever opportunity presented itself, the Bible society furnishing tracts and portions of Scripture for distribution. The following

spring Mr. Nardi secured a room at 505 South Clark street and organized a Sunday-school. About the same time the Young Men's Christian Association gave the use of their hall near Kinzie street bridge for another Sunday-school. It was at this latter place that the first communion service among Protestant Italians was held, and the growing interest soon centered in that district. There was a Waldensian element which formed the nucleus of a church, and God's blessing was manifest in frequent conversions. By the following winter a few friends became interested in the progress of the work, and among them was the ever to be remembered friend of the Nardi Mission, Mrs. S. G. Hubbard, whose devoted efforts for the Italians are still continued. In 1893 the Chicago Presbytery permanently located a church and requested Mr. Nardi to become its regular pastor, but he declined, believing that God had called him to evangelistic work. A call was extended to the present pastor, the Rev. Filippo Grilli, who began his pastorate early in the autumn of 1890, with a church membership of fifty-eight. In 1894 the present substantial brick edifice on Ohio street was erected, due

largely to the generosity of Mr. Henry Willing. In 1891 Mr. Nardi opened the third mission, which had its beginning on Desplaines street and continued there until a more suitable building and location were secured on Taylor street, now called the Nardi Mission. The work begun on South Clark street was subsequently merged with that of the Methodist Mission, and a most excellent work is being accomplished. Pastor Grilli preaches and carries on the work at both the Italian church and Nardi Mission. Mrs. Grilli is a most proficient helper as is also Mrs. R. Francesconi, who is superintendent of the Sunday-school in the Italian church. Beside the regular preaching services, conducted always in Italian, there is a splendid Sunday-school, sewing school, a mother's meeting, and a Bible class under the leadership of the Bible society. The work is a continual encouragement to those who are giving their services, and the wonder is that these Italians have carried their church and mission to such a successful standing with so little money. Members of the church who have returned to Italy have started circles there looking toward the organizing of a church.

The Evangelical church of Italy, which is the union of all the Protestant churches on the peninsula, report five new churches added to its roll during 1897, giving a total of thirty Protestant churches. About 1,000 persons have come into close fellowship within the past year."

E. Dryer, Chicago.

Among the Miners

MR. NARDI now felt that he had time to visit the collieries. A superintendent of coal mines at Spring Valley, fifty miles from Chicago, a Presbyterian who had heard of the good work that was being done in Chicago, invited Mr. Nardi to come down and see what he could do for the Italians who worked in the mines. The Italian colony there was composed of Italians from the northern part of Italy. Many of them were well educated, but not having the English language, worked in the mines. However, they earned as much as four dollars a day if they were good workmen.

A hall was rented, and work began. Singing was quite a drawing card, as some of the

men had been opera singers in Italy. When they were taught the beautiful Italian hymns, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," etc., they sang them with such force that they could be heard all over the town during the service. In the day time, when these men were about two thousand feet under the ground, they would sing the hymns there, especially "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

The majority of the population of this town were Irish Catholics, so that they even controlled the public schools, and the Protestants had to send their children to the Catholic school. As soon as the Irish priests saw what Mr. Nardi was doing, they sent off for an Italian priest. He was a good musician, and, to counteract Mr. Nardi's work, he opened evening classes in music. But the Lord was with Mr. Nardi in his meetings and in the distribution of Gospels and tracts. The Italian priest came to him and had a talk with him, but the priest was so bound that he could not let go.

As many Italians were eager to learn English, Mr. Nardi taught it to them from the English Bible, and used the opportunity to preach the Gospel at the same time, and they

soon became more interested in the Gospel than in learning the English.

Mrs. Nardi remembers an incident that occurred while in Spring Valley. A miner, who was also a Methodist preacher, meeting them on the street one day, said to Mr. Nardi, "I know you are a Christian, for your face is the picture of the Gospel." Mr. and Mrs. Nardi were glad to find this one and others with whom they could have fellowship. Mr. Nardi often also preached in English in the Congregational pulpit in the town.

As the work grew, it was felt necessary to organize, and a Waldensian minister, Rev. Mr. Bellour, was called to take charge.

The Italians became so much attached to Mr. and Mrs. Nardi and the Gospel that they preached, that they did not care to go to their Catholic priest, but said, "Mr. Nardi is our priest."

They had now spent about five years in Chicago and Spring Valley. The Lord wonderfully answered prayer and supplied every need, without any appeals for help to any one except the Lord. Many were converted during those years who still stand firm in the Christian faith.

Mrs. Nardi never knew of any work so near the Apostolic times as that in Chicago. As soon as the people were converted, they became personal workers and held cottage prayer meetings and became real soul-winners.

These were years when Mr. Nardi spared no strength in open air and in halls both in season and out of season. During this time he took a trip east for one month, visiting friends and some of the work that he had left in New York, in the interest of Italian Evangelization. Mrs. Nardi remained in Chicago looking after the work until Mr. Nardi returned. On his way home, he sent a telegram giving the time when he would arrive. She sat by the window waiting for his coming. But he did not come at the appointed time. But she waited on, expecting him every moment.

She says: "After I had waited for some time, seated in the bay window by the door, the rest of the people in the house retired, telling me there was no use in sitting up longer, for he would not come that night; it was past the appointed time. But I waited on. Finally, all had retired except Miss Dryer (the lady

in charge of the Bible Workers' home). As she passed through the room with her lamp in her hand, she said, 'He has delayed his coming; there is no use of waiting any longer.' But I answered, 'He promised to come, and I shall wait until he does come,' so she went away and left me alone. In the stillness of the night I heard a voice saying, 'He will be here in a few minutes.' With this assurance I lifted my head in real expectation, and had not long to wait, for the tip-tap-tap on the window pane showed he had indeed come. At that moment the same voice spoke again, and said, 'It will be like this before the Lord comes: the Bride will know it a little while before He comes.' "

Work in St. Louis

THE good news of God's working among the Italians of Chicago reaching St. Louis, Mrs. Haines, a woman of real faith, invited them to come to her city. The Italians of St. Louis were mostly from the southern part of Italy, Sicilians. We opened a hall in the midst of their colony, and many came to hear the Word gladly. These Italians are

very superstitious, yet they are open to the Gospel. The work went on much the same as in other places; preaching, and Sunday-school classes, and sewing classes, and then, after the work was established at the end of about a year's labor, a Waldensian pastor and his wife were called by the Presbyterian Board to take up the work. They remained here for nine years and then returned to Italy, where they are doing a good work.

There was a French settlement where Mr. Nardi also preached the Gospel in French,

Mr. Nardi now more clearly understood the calling of God to evangelize. So he returned to Chicago and visited the Missions and encouraged those in charge of the work.

California

ONE cold winter night Mr. and Mrs. Nardi said good-bye to their friends in Chicago and boarded the train for San Francisco, arriving there after a few days and finding the roses in full bloom. It seemed to them another world. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery met them at the station and took them to their home, Beulah.

From here they crossed the Bay to San Francisco where there was a large colony of Italians, mostly from Northern Italy.

Mr. Nardi at once started looking around for a hall where he might gather the people, and found a building belonging to the Italians called Bersagliere Hall, with many halls which were used for balls, theatres, Masonic Lodges, etc., but they willingly rented one of the large rooms at such a low price that Mr. Nardi insisted on paying more.

The work began and, as before, the Lord blessed them, and sent in many to hear the Word. The Sunday school and sewing school classes were attended by more than one hundred children; some had to be turned away.

Here they had a class of French children, also Spanish and Portuguese, who also came to the services. There was much persecution as the work was in the midst of Irish, Italian, Spanish, and Russian Catholic churches. The priest came even to the door of the hall and forbade the children to come in. One day he came to the door, and Mr. Nardi went down and spoke to him. The priest said, "I am the father of these children." Mr. Nardi said. "No, you are not; God is their Father

Another time the priest threw his cane at the children. Again Mr. Nardi and the priest were arguing while walking along the street, and soon about thirty children were following them and the grown people looking on. As soon as the priest saw that, he said good-bye and left Mr. Nardi. The children then followed Mr. Nardi back to the hall, saying they would never go to that priest again.

Mr. Nardi had already won the confidence of many of the influential Italians of the city. They saw in him the love of God and the love of his countrymen, and said he was a rare man. God had peculiarly fitted him for just such work; he was unique in personality, wise in judgment, and full of tact and sweetness. All who knew him remember his genial smile and ever ready salutation, "Praise the Lord."

The Catholic Journal of the city wrote an article against him, even saying that he ought to have a mill-stone hanged about his neck and be drowned in the bottom of the sea. They marked this article and sent it to him. He did not reply to it. But the Italian paper and also an anti-Clerical, "The Wasp," took it up and answered it much better than they could have done. This was all in their favor and against

the priests. Again they were conquerors through our God.

After a year, feeling the need of a helper, a Waldensian minister was called, who went on with the work, supported by the Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Nardi then went across the Bay to Oakland, where they had a beautiful hall in the Methodist Church. Here, as elsewhere, there were people who became interested in the work and came to their help and acted in the capacity of teachers in the schools.

Needs Supplied

DURING this time the Lord supplied all their needs without looking to man. "Once," says Mrs. Nardi, "we asked Him for sixty dollars, and in a few days a check of fifty dollars came from Chicago. I said to Mr. Nardi, 'But where are the other ten?' He said, 'The Lord will provide.' When he took the check to the bank, they refused to cash it because the lady had forgotten to put her name on it. So he returned the check to her. When the check came back, lo! it was sixty dollars. The lady said she thought she

might as well add another ten, not knowing that we had prayed for the sixty. We always avoided using the phrase, 'We live by faith,' as every Christian, even a millionaire, must live by faith, but surely, 'The just shall live by faith.' The Lord never failed us."

One morning Mr. Nardi was in one room asking the Lord for one hundred dollars, and Mrs. Nardi was in another room asking for the same amount; neither knowing what the other was doing. That very day a sister in Christ said to Mrs. Nardi, "Blanche, the Lord told my husband to give Mr. Nardi one hundred dollars. Is there really a need?" She replied, "Praise the Lord, the connections are clear."

San Jose

IN San Jose, a beautiful town about fifty miles from San Francisco, they also opened a work and rented a house just opposite the Notre Dame Convent, but the owner of the house was an Irish Catholic; and when he found out that they were preaching the Gospel to the Italians who came and listened with eyes and mouths wide open, just drinking it in, he requested them to move. Mr.

Nardi had a long talk with him, explaining to him the way of salvation from the Scriptures, of which he was entirely ignorant. But as the priests and his mother were behind him, he requested them to leave, They then rented a beautiful Y. M. C. A. hall and carried on a blessed work for a year or so. The fragrant memories of those days were sweeter to them than the flowers that grow in California.

New Fields

WHILE in these parts, they also went in the summer time more than once to the Casadero Camp Meeting held by Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, not thinking to find Italians under the big Redwoods. But almost one of the first ones they saw on the ground was an Italian fruit vender, through whom they learned that about ten miles away where he lived there was a colony of Italian lumbermen.

Mr. Nardi invited them to the camp for a Sunday service, and they came and had good meetings. They were taught some Italian hymns and received Gospels and tracts. Among them were some who had worked for Mr. Nardi in Economy near Pittsburgh.

Once during a meeting in the fine natural auditorium there, nine Italians came forward, among others, to seek the Lord. At one time about six weeks were spent here working among the Italians.

Mr. Nardi printed a sign in large letters, "Praise the Lord," and nailed it on a tree near the railroad so that the people passing by the camp on the train had to see it and say "Praise the Lord."

Hearing that there were many Italians in Southern California who had not heard the Gospel, Mr. Nardi made plans to visit them also. But about this time Rev. Mr. Grilli, of Chicago, returned to Italy to visit his mother, and asked Mr. Nardi to come on and look after the work during his absence. Mrs. Nardi remained in San Francisco.

Back in Chicago

THERE was need of a new building on the southwest side of Chicago. Mrs. Hubbard, who had paid the rent of the hall for years, asked Mr. Nardi to look about for a good lot, and they would pray the Lord to send the money. The Lord answered prayer in Mrs. Hubbard's receiving unexpectedly

some money that was owed to her. The lot was bought, and a neat building erected with these funds which she felt had been sent her in answer to prayer. The material was bought from the 'World's Fair" buildings, which reduced the cost of this work.

After it was finished, this new building was named after the founder, "The Nardi Mission." Pastor Grilli returned from Italy after five months, and Mr. Nardi returned to San Francisco, and from there they went to Los Angeles. Here he found many Christians to welcome him. Renting a hall in the Italian colony, they began work here as in other places, and had much blessing in the distribution of tracts and Gospels, etc. But Mr. Nardi, finding the climate too enervating, felt they should come East and visit the churches which had been opened. They had spent five years in California, and left behind them many who had found their Saviour in those years.

Chapter III

RETURN TO ITALY

THEIR first stop was St. Louis; then Chicago, Spring Valley, Pittsburgh and vicinity, and the East.

Mr. Nardi then felt a strong call to go and preach the Gospel in Italy among those whose faith was once known all over the world, but who were now sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

They stayed a little while in New York before leaving, and were persuaded of the Lord to take with them a young Italian girl who was confined in a convent in upper New York. Her teachers did not like to give her into the hands of a Protestant minister; but since she was going to Italy, they thought she would be safe in the hands of the Pope.

They sailed on the St. Paul and arrived in Italy in August. Their first stop was Pisa. After being in Pisa a few weeks Mr. Nardi had an attack of cholera. The Devil did not want him in Italy where "Satan's seat" is, but

through a real fight of faith, he was healed in answer to prayer.

An Italian living in the mountains near by, who had worked for Mr. Nardi in America, came to see them, and finding Mr. Nardi so weak, advised him to go up into the mountains where he lived, where the water was pure and the air good. He found an apartment for them in the house where the priest and nuns stopped frequently. The first one to call on them was the village priest, who paid a friendly call. But after a few weeks, when they learned that the Italians gathered around them in the evening to hear the Gospel and the beautiful Italian hymns, they tried to have Mr. and Mrs. Nardi sent away from the house, and they called "the lewd fellows" of the village together to give Mr. Nardi a thrashing. But one of the worst men of the town, who did not care for the priest, came and gave Mr. Nardi a timely warning. They gave themselves to prayer, and the young men who came to the service in the evening came prepared to fight, but the Lord did not allow them to be touched, and the man in the house desired them to remain.

After a few months of seed-sowing among

these simple-hearted peasantry, they went to the nearest city, Lucca, called the vestry of Rome because half the population of the city were priests. There was a Waldensian Church here, but no regular pastor. Mr. Nardi was asked to take hold of the work and see what he could do. The Lord met him, opened the hearts of the people, and gave real blessing in the work. About one year was spent in this city.

The following letter is from the Waldensian minister of Pisa:

Our beloved Brother Nardi and his wife were loved by everybody because of their goodness and charity towards the poor. Their house was open to everybody, and frequently those in need were lovingly fed and cared for. It was our brother's daily food to pray and to preach the Gospel. His preaching was accompanied with power, and many were converted to Christ as a result. We were all struck with sorrow when the day came for the departure of our brother from this world, especially those who were converted through his preaching (among whom I shall mention some: The widow, Mrs. Galli, and her daughter, Mr. Gigh, the engineer, and his

wife, Mr. Dell' Oglio and wife, Mrs. Beirlacqua and her family, Mr. Giglio and his wife, and many others).

In the course of my work at the port of Genoa I met a number of ministers who came from America, and they all praised the work of Brother Nardi in that country. They spoke of his opening many new churches. Many emigrants were converted to the Gospel through the work of our brother.

I was very glad when in the month of June, 1913, I received word that Mr. Nardi and his wife were about to come to Italy, and that he wanted me to meet them at the port of Genoa.

When I met Brother Nardi, I kissed him and embraced him, giving praise to God. He went at once to Rapallo, where he opened a hall for evangelization, and in a short time he gathered a number of men who were glad to hear the Word of God. Besides preaching in Rapallo three times a week, he went to the Riviera, where he preached the Gospel in many towns.

The brethren of Rome desired to see our Brother Nardi; and when the new Waldensian Church was dedicated, Mr. Nardi was in-

vited to be present; at Rome he received a very cordial welcome.

Mr. Nardi returned to his field; I remained in Rome. Four months later I received the following postal card:

My dear Brother Goglio:

Yesterday, on the 21st of July, our beloved Mr. Nardi left this world for the kingdom of the Lord. Around him there were many brethren and sisters who took care of him during his ten days' illness. He was praising the Lord every moment, even in the midst of his sufferings. He has left the earth to enjoy the glory of God. Mrs. Nardi is remembered in prayers by all her friends, and she is happy in the comfort of the Heavenly Father during this sorrowful ordeal.

Greetings to all the brethren.

E. Tichi.

This was a great loss for Mrs. Nardi which caused her great pain, and we pray our Heavenly Father to protect her in everything (Psalm 23).

Ambrogio Goglio.

Tempio Valdese, Piazza Caivur, Roma.

Florence.

They visited Florence also, which was not far away, and preached in the Waldensian Church there.

The President of the Waldensian Society, Dr. Prochet, came to see them at Lucca, and would have liked to have had them stay there. He asked them to visit Barga before leaving, where there was a hall for preaching service. The Lord blessed them there, but the opposition was awful, so much so that they tried to have them sent away, and put posters on the wall, "Death to the Protestant Preacher," also the same on partly burned tracts (that they had given out) that were left at their door. A finely educated man was converted during these services and has always remained faithful. Many others received great blessings and they shall know when they get on the other side just how much was accomplished.

Many other places were visited and the Gospel faithfully preached, and everywhere they went, they found hearts hungry for the truth.

Rome

NOW, like Paul, they felt that they must see Rome. So they went thither. There was already a good deal of splendid work being done here by the Waldensian and other Societies, but Mr. Nardi was led of the Lord to open a hall for special Evangelistic work. And as the cafes were open night after night and filled and thronged with the people, why not have a Gospel hall open every night and let the Word of God have free course? He took the hall near the great Cathedral Santa Maria Maggiore, where the people passed continually. They were at once attracted by the singing and the Scripture texts that were painted in large letters on the walls, making it very attractive. "Sala Evangelica" (Gospel Hall) was painted in large letters over the door. Night after night the hall was filled, much to the surprise of the ministers who thought a prayer-meeting, and preaching on Sunday, were all that was needed.

Every one hundred years is set apart by the Pope and called "Holy Year," when pilgrims come from all over the world to bring

presents, and this happened to be that year. When the pilgrims passed the hall on Via Cavour, and saw that it was a meeting place, many stopped, thinking it was a meeting in connection with the "Holy Year." Here many for the first time heard the Gospel, and others, after hearing the "Good News," asked for a book that told about these wonderful things. There were many to whom it was a "Holy Year" in the truest sense of the word, for they found their Saviour and took His Word back to their homes.

Sometimes, as they entered, they would bow and "cross themselves" and come to kiss Mr. Nardi's hand (which he always drew away quickly).

Many were converted here who are still faithful.

Mr. Nardi presented the Gospel with such simplicity and power that the people were surprised and attracted and held, for he knew his Bible and spoke with authority. He preached faithfully the Second Coming of Christ, and exhorted them to watch and pray as His coming would be soon. He also preached the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and the whole counsel of God. As he often said,

"It is more than the A, B, C's. We must press on to know Him."

The Italians who attended these meetings were of the better class. Among them were some of the King's guards who came down from time to time, who, however, never sat down, but always stayed and remained standing.

Those who were converted during these meetings were taken in as members of the Protestant Churches, but mostly in the Waldensian Church.

The work was turned over to the Waldensian Society, who kept the hall open as a Bible Depository and held services twice a week. The open Bible was always in the window so that the passersby could read it. Mr. Nardi spent about a year at this place when he felt they should move on to other points.

It was during this time in Rome that the young girl they had taken from the convent in New York became thoroughly converted and consecrated herself to the Lord. We will let her tell her own story of her conversion.

IN the year 1897 Mr. and Mrs. Nardi were stopping in New York on their way to Italy.

My mother, whom they had known, asked them to come to see me, for I was in a Roman Catholic Convent. They came, and in the course of conversation Mrs. Nardi asked me if I would like to go to Italy with them. I replied that I would be glad to go. Arrangements were made accordingly, and on the fourteenth of August of the same year I arrived in Italy.

It was understood that I should follow such religious duties as was possible, although it was Mr. and Mrs. Nardi's aim and desire to show me the better way.

To this end I was asked to read the Scriptures at family worship, and also I read a great deal to Mrs. Nardi from the best of religious papers. I was so strictly Roman Catholic, that I would make my mind wander during the reading of the Bible, and repeat my own prayers, while Mr. and Mrs. Nardi prayed. I know, for I felt it, that they both prayed much for me concerning our religious differences, and this touched me very greatly. But, on the other hand, I loved and believed firmly in my religion, and prayed much for their conversion.

What appealed to me from the very begin-

ning, was that, apparently it was easy for them to be good, and that joy and peace was ever theirs, whereas with me it was always a struggle, and hard work to do the right thing.

Soon I began to get interested in the reading of the Bible and also in the reading of certain articles, especially anything treating on the Second Coming of Christ. All else was familiar to me, in some form or other, but here was something that the Catholic Church did not know, or teach. The blessed hope of Christ's return was what awakened me to examine and see if, after all, what I had been taught was really true.

To this end, after Mr. Nardi showed me that there was no difference between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Bibles, I began to compare my Catholic books, where there were Bible references, with the Bible. I found that these teachings did not correspond to the references, and so little by little I felt shaken in my faith in the Catholic Church. I took great pleasure in reading the testimonies given, how people were saved, sanctified, and healed. The more I read, the more I desired just such a wonderful experience as was described. I was tired of trying and trying to be

good without succeeding, and I finally began to pray that God would save me also.

Sometimes Mr. Nardi would let me ask the blessing at table, and also take part at family worship. But with all this I did not feel free in my conscience to ever go to the Protestant Church.

After praying for some time, seeing that I did not have any wonderful experience, I gave up and became rather bitter within.

Just about this time a minister gave me a history of the Reformation to read. I was very much interested in it, and it enlightened me much as to the errors of the Roman Catholic Church and their origin.

On the first of October, 1899, I went to Rome with my faith badly shaken, and yet hoping to find there something better. It is generally called the holy city, and I surely expected the Roman Catholic religion to be at its highest perfection, especially as the Pope dwells there. But one day I happened to go to the Vatican, and as it was some holy day, mass was being celebrated. I drew near and took notice of all my surroundings, and to my horror, at the most sacred moment of the service, while the people were on their knees

on the outside of the altar devoutly bowed in prayer, the priests, of whom there were several, were laughing, joking, among themselves. That was the last straw, and I understood that the Roman Catholic religion was false through and through.

On the evening of October 16th I was reading to Mrs. Nardi an article on "Behold He Cometh," at the close of which there was a special appeal to the reader, saying: if the Lord came that night would the reader be ready? I asked Mrs. Nardi if I should be saved that night and the Lord came, would He take me also with Him? Mrs. Nardi answered: "Yes, even to the eleventh hour!" I told her I thought the Lord did not want me, for I had been praying in the past, and He did not answer; in that I did not have an experience like the ones I read of.

Mrs. Nardi then told me how she was saved, and concluded, that I was not to look for feelings but take it in faith. We knelt in prayer and, since I did not want to pray, Mrs. Nardi prayed for us both. I kissed her good night and went to my room.

I was preparing for bed, when very distinctly I heard these words: "If you were to

die, where would you go?" I looked around and, of course, I was alone. I concluded it was my imagination, so proceeded to go to bed. And again: "If you were to die this night, where would you go?" By this time I began to feel nervous, but still I would not give in. A third time the same words, and this time they brought me down on my knees. I do not know what I said, except that I cried to God to save me. I arose from my knees, and the enemy said: "Well, what do you think you have done? You are just as lost as before." I immediately began to say to myself: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin and unrighteousness."

This continued for some time, until I remembered reading that we must accept by faith, and testify to the finished work. So I went right into Mrs. Nardi's room to tell her, and I said: "Mrs. Nardi, I am saved." And she answered "Amen!"

We both sang: "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," etc. I said good night and went to bed.

The next day I knew I was a new creature in Christ Jesus, for I then felt even as a little child, and joy, peace, and quietness filled my

being. The assurance of salvation that I had read about, but never before experienced was mine, and quietly all through the day I inwardly praised God.

To God is all the glory and praise, and gratitude and love to Mr. and Mrs. Nardi who were instrumental in leading me to the truth as it is in Christ.

Mrs. Rosina M. Allegri.

Among the first fruits in Rome of Mr. Nardi's preaching was Mrs. Galli, whose testimony is here given:

At the close of the year 1898, we moved from Messina, Sicily, to Rome, because mother's health and mine also, was much shaken. For a month or more the ground had trembled continually by earthquakes. That unfortunate city was devoted to end in the way it did! We came to Rome hoping to feel better in mind and body, but did not gain. For though the fear of earthquakes was gone, our hearts were not at ease; something was missing. Mother and I were alone,—no friends, no parents, (father had died) to encourage us. We passed our time remembering the happy days in the past when we lived in America

(I was born in San Francisco, Cal.) with my mother's parents and dear father. Mother remembered also her friends especially a faithful Christian lady. We had lived, so to say, without religion, although called Catholics.

One evening we heard the bell ring. I ran to the door and before me stood a smiling gentleman arm in arm with a lady, who asked for us. That gentleman and the lady were Mr. Nardi and his wife, and we shall ever remember them as angels coming from heaven to us. Mr. Nardi told us that he had come from America, where he knew some of our acquaintances, and they had given him our address. Shortly after this, he quietly asked us if we frequented Rome's beautiful church and if we went to see the Pope. Freely we answered that a visit to see the artistic pictures and statues in the Roman temples was enough for us and nothing more, for we had never cared for religion, at least what the priests taught, and would never go to them. Then Mr. Nardi pulled out a little book from his coat pocket (it was the Gospel) and told us it was the teaching of God, the only teaching worth obeying. He asked us to read it attentively. Then

he informed us that we could hear the explanation in a little hall just a few steps from our door where meetings were held every evening. His words, when speaking of the divine love of the Father, entered our hungry souls as balm. We went to the meetings, and afterwards to the Temple (the Waldensian Church on Via Nazione) and three months later we were accepted as members. We still belong to that church until we shall be united to all the believers in our Father's house in heaven. From the beginning, from the very first evening in that little hall, the words of eternal life were real food for our souls. Our lives were renewed, our health did not occupy us any more. For three years Mr. Nardi and his wife lived in Rome, and many happy, holy hours we spent together. After that many trials came to us, mother's sickness, and other troubles, earthquakes also, but, Glory to our Lord, that deep, settled feeling of peace and spiritual joy poured into our hearts from the loving brotherly heart of Mr. Nardi never left us. Lately we expected to live again united in this Rome, but our Father called him in the heavenly house where he is awaiting us.

His will be done!

Naples and Capri

MR. and Mrs. Nardi visited Naples, and for eight months preached the Gospel faithfully in a hall (opened by a Count P—) every day at noon. Mr. Nardi also preached in the Waldensian Church in this place.

They spent a few months also on the Island of Capri with Count P— who had a beautiful castle here and a nice chapel inside of it where meetings were held daily.

While in Naples, they received a letter from some Christians in the mountains who, while in America, had found Christ. They invited Mr. Nardi to come and see them, but as Rev. Mr. Gai was going that way on some business in the interest of the Waldensians, Mr. Nardi asked him to visit them, which he did. He found a number of people there who wore the name Christian on their hats and also on their houses so that the priests would not bother them. They had evangelized the whole village, and now there is a nice church and school in that village under the Waldensian Society.

Other Towns Also

A DEAR friend who was in Switzerland at this time, hearing that they were in

Italy, invited them to visit her. They took this opportunity to visit the Italian work of Berne, Basil, and Bienne, spending a few months very profitably among the Italians, preaching in the Evangelical Halls, and doing personal work. They also had much spiritual blessing in fellowship with a Christian friend from America.

On their return to Italy they visited Turin and attended the Waldensian Synod then in session at Torre Pellice. Mr. Nardi was asked to preach at the old historical church Ciabas where in the time of persecution it was "fight or flight," and they decided to fight for the faith once delivered to the saints. The Lord was with him in much power on that afternoon, as all testified who heard him.

Then followed a visit to Milan where special meetings were held in the American Baptist Church. The Italians here were very receptive and it was touching to see their appreciation of the Gospel messages in the fulness of the Spirit.

They also visited Mr. Nardi's birthplace near the Adriatic Sea, and spent about a week in the home of his cousin who was Arch Priest, having fifteen priests under him.

There, in his own home, with his parents and other members of his family, they had an opportunity to witness daily for "The Truth." There were about sixteen in all with the assistant Chaplain. Mr. Nardi asked him if he had a Bible. He brought it forth, and, opening it, Mr. Nardi explained it to them, all assenting that it was true. He gave them tracts to read, one by Moody "Filled with the Spirit" which had been translated into Italian. The mother of the priest was so touched by this tract that she read it to the women of the Church, as she was at the head of the Society among them. They called on the Father confessor of Mr. Nardi's mother, an old priest, who was so glad to see them that he had the best of wine brought for them; but as they had no use for it, he was quite disappointed. They returned the compliment by getting out the best of their "Wine," and he was much interested in what they told him, and especially of the coming of Christ.

Only in eternity shall it be known what was accomplished during these weeks of service.

Rome Again

RETURNING to Rome, for a time they held services in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. As the English Baptists had rented a hall at Via Borgo Nuovo, just at the foot of the Vatican and next door to the palace of the Prince Torlonia, where many of the Cardinals lived, and were waiting to open the hall, Mr. Nardi offered his services, and meetings were held every night. There was a large window where the Bible was always kept open with other Scripture texts which the monks and the nuns on their way to St. Peter's could not help but see. They could also hear the Word of God as it was read and the Gospel Hymns that were sung, for the doors of the hall were always open.

They were told by others that some of the Pope's coachmen attended these meetings. The soldiers also stopped in, for which some were punished by their officers: and others, to avoid suspicion, dressed in citizens clothes and returned again and again to hear the Gospel.

One young man, a soldier who was stationed as a guard in the prison, came and heard the

Gospel and one evening asked Mr. Nardi for a book exactly like the one he was preaching from. Mr. Nardi gave him his own Bible. This young man was baptized afterwards and joined the Baptist Church.

This man was a constant reader of the Bible while on guard in the prison, and the prisoners, seeing him read the book, asked him what he was reading. He said, the Gospel. They asked him if he would not leave the Book with them when he went out, for they would like to read it. He knew that even if he gave them a scrap of paper, he would be punished for it if found out; but he was willing to leave the Book and take the punishment. But he was protected by the One in whom he put his trust. Thus God in His own way opened the way for the Gospel to be heard by those in prison. The priests were the only ones allowed in the prisons as spiritual advisers, so that it was impossible for the missionaries themselves to enter with the Bible. The above-named young man and others would read the Bible aloud while on their beat, so that not only were they profited themselves, but the prisoners were also blessed by the Words of Life from the Blessed Book.

While in Rome Mr. Nardi visited a Mission at Civita Vecchia (Old City) where the Baptists had had a Mission for many years. Mr. Nardi preached here for several weeks. The boys caused a great deal of trouble at first, but through prayer and tact they were won to be his staunch friends to the great surprise of all.

He also held meetings twice in connection with Mr. Newberry, an Independent Missionary, who also had Missions in Monte Carlo and other places on the Riviera.

Chapter IV

BACK TO AMERICA

WHILE in Rome, they had the pleasure of meeting many American friends who were travelling in Europe; among them was Rev. Mr. MacNair and his wife from Philadelphia, (a Presbyterian Minister) who was much interested in the work among the Italians of America. He thought Mr. Nardi should return to America and evangelize the Italians there; because when they were converted and returned to Italy, they were much used of the Lord. But before leaving Italy Mr. Nardi visited many other parts of that country in the mountains and smaller towns. But he did feel that it was the leading of the Lord for them to return to America. They had now spent five years in Italy.

Crossing over to Paris where they stayed a week, they sailed from Havre on the St. Louis and arrived in New York Oct. 12th.

They were met at the steamer, and Mr. Nardi was invited to preach the next day, so

their work began as soon as they arrived in America. They went about visiting the churches even as far as Chicago and intended to go as far as Oklahoma where they had heard there were many Italians. But he received a letter from the East asking if he would come to Hammonton, New Jersey, where there was a little church among the Italians with divisions among them, for they thought Mr. Nardi could bring them together again.

After much prayer he was persuaded that it was a call of the Lord; instead of going to Oklahoma, they returned East.

Up to this time in their sixteen years of experience, they had not worked in connection with any committee. After arriving at Hammonton, N. J., they began work among the little flock, and by much prayer and waiting upon the Lord, harmony was soon established and new ones were added to the Lord. As these were nearly all farmers, they could not have so many meetings; but they visited them in their homes.

Beautiful Vineland was a few miles distant, so they went there and secured a hall and had very good meetings. Dr. Moore, a

retired Presbyterian Minister, became so interested that he afterward built a beautiful Italian Church and a parsonage next door.

Philadelphia

FOR a few years they labored in this vicinity. But while still living in Hammonton, Rev. Mr. MacNair, whom Mr. Nardi met in Rome, wrote asking him to come to Philadelphia and open a tent work among the Italians there. This would be the first attempt of work of this kind, as he had always spoken in churches, halls, or in the open air. They then came to the city, and, standing on a box in a Chinese grave yard at Tenth and Kimball Sts., they started the meetings in the open air before the tent was erected. There were two missions among the Italians in the vicinity (a Methodist and a Presbyterian) but the pastors were both absent. The very few members of these Missions came out and helped to sing Italian Hymns, and this drew the crowds. This was the beginning of a great work among the Italians of Philadelphia.

The Evangelistic Committee of the Presbyterian Church soon furnished a large tent holding more than a thousand people. At the

closing Rally of this Campaign, which was a phenomenal one, over a thousand converts of different nationalities were present. Dr. J. Ely and Jno. A. Converse asked the Italians if they wanted this work to go on or to stop. They all rose to their feet and enthusiastically said "Let it go on." The lot was purchased, and a corrugated iron building was erected seating twelve hundred people. Meetings were held night after night, and a Sunday School with good workers reached out after the children. Good workers were employed who held sewing schools and Mother's meetings and every thing conducive to the furtherance of the Gospel. Noon-day meetings were held for the factory girls next door.

New Jersey

AFTER some months work, Mr. Nardi felt that he should return to his work in New Jersey. Rev. A. Pirazzini from Providence, R. I., was called to take charge of the work in Philadelphia.

They located in Vineland. Mr. Nardi had kept up his meetings in Hammonton during the months that he worked in Philadelphia,

preaching in the morning and returning to Philadelphia for the afternoon and evening. In Philadelphia they wanted him to give up his work in New Jersey, but he was so attached to it that he refused to do so.

In Vineland they found many Italians from the northern part of Italy as well as many from the southern part. They owned their own homes, and some had fine farms and were very open to the Gospel. A congregation was soon gathered; and when the new church was built and then dedicated on a Thanksgiving Day, several Italian pastors from New York, Philadelphia, and other places were present. One of these pastors was married that day in the afternoon, which was their first wedding. Those who were present will never forget that blessed day.

Ere long a young couple from Italy, Rev. Mr. Stasio and wife, came to Vineland and helped in the work by preaching in Hammonton, helping Mr. Nardi in Atlantic City and other places where they evangelized.

During the summer, Mr. Nardi again preached in the second Italian tent in Philadelphia, in a different locality from the previous summer. This was a novelty for them to

A GROUP OF PHILADELPHIA ITALIAN WORKERS.

gather night after night to sing hymns and listen to the preaching of the Gospel.

Among those who were converted during these campaigns were fourteen young men, who are now preaching the Gospel.

After about five years of preaching in the corrugated iron building, a beautiful brick church was erected.

In a recent letter from Dr. Ely to Mrs. Nardi, he writes:

Mr. Nardi was not a man of publicity, being so retiring and gentle in his spirit. He effected the agencies which appear rather than being affected by them. He was truly a modern St. Paul. He stood alone with God, and walked with Him.

Before the world he sincerely and truly represented God, and before God he carried the burdens of the world. When he began the work at 10th and Kimbal streets, I remember well how most of our Committees and such wise men as Mr. Wanamaker expressed their conviction that it would be no use: the Italian people, they thought would all go back to their original faith. But when Nardi and the Lord showed them all that he was able to demon-

strate the power of God in their midst, time has proven him right and the others wrong.

I think where Mr. Nardi made his great impression upon me was when he prayed. In all his work was the spirit of reality; but when he prayed, every one was made to feel that the man was holding direct and immediate communion with God and was unconscious of the personalities of the people. Like his Master his meat and drink was to do the will of God. Surely he must at this moment be enjoying as few others have the capacity to enjoy the close fellowship of Christ. You have nothing to regret except the sense of his temporary absence.

Last Monday it was a great joy for me to hear Frasco (I think this is his name) preach before the Philadelphia Presbytery.

He is the boy to whom Mr. Nardi gave the Gospel portion; and when in innocency he showed it to the priest, it was taken from him. After some time mourning its loss, he made an endeavor to get another copy, and told his story to Mr. Nardi and received an entire copy of the Bible. This he held on to, and now it holds him.

Few men have made their lives count as Mr. Nardi has, and upon every remembrance

of him my courage in the Gospel strengthens, and my hope of a joyful gathering around the throne of God is quickened into a happy anticipation. There are indeed many things I should like to tell about in regard to this man of God, for he made an impression on my life such as few others have done. As you know, I consulted him about almost every move and often took his opinion as a divine revelation. Now I hope and pray that whatever message you may send forward to the world may contribute to the cause of our Lord, in Whose work Mr. Nardi was so effective on earth, and Whose service he so enjoys this moment, we believe.

JAMES B. ELY.

The boy to whom Mr. Ely refers is Michele Frasca, who tells his own story as follows:

ON a Sunday morning in July of 1903, a young man gave me a religious notice. It said that in the evening at 7:30, there would be an Evangelistic campaign opened at 10th and Kimball street. The preaching would be illustrated by a magic lantern; all Italians cordially invited.

Upon reading the notice, I immediately made up my mind to go to that devil's meeting and upset it, if possible, thus obtaining a double indulgence for my soul in the life to come. (It must be remembered that I was a very strong Roman Catholic, especially in view of the fact that I had recently arrived from Italy.)

However, God had planned and disposed otherwise. His thoughts and ways were not like mine. It Providentially happened, or as I now believe, it was Providentially arranged that I should arrive at the meeting just while the people were singing:

Cosi qual sono pien do pecento,
Ma pel tuo sangue chi in ha lavato,
E per l'inerto felto al cor mio,
O Agnello do Dio, To vengo a Te! etc.

That hymn took hold of me, and I, forgetting the purpose for which I had come, sought for paper and pencil and hastily copied the hymn from the screen. Little do I remember about the night's sermon, except that it made a favorable impression upon me, especially the earnestness of the preacher, as well as the clearness and simplicity of his message. But

that hymn, "cosi quol sono" followed me home, in my sleep next day, in the barber shop, everywhere I went, the words, "Cosi quol sono pusi do peccato" followed me.

As often as I could attend the meeting I went, especially on Sundays. In the mornings I went to the Catholic church, and in the afternoons and evenings to hear the Protestant preacher.

In a short time I collected quite a number of religious tracts. These I devoured in the barber shop, and I always asked for more. I well remember my eagerness to get to the meetings. At times I used to hang at the back of a trolley (not having the fare) in order to get to the meeting sooner. Once I lost my only cap by so doing.

On a Sunday afternoon, my uncle asked me to go to Father Isoleri, the Catholic priest of 8th and Montrose st. church and ask him when he could baptize his child. I went; the arrangement was made, and as I was about to leave the priest noticed a neat black book in my hands, a little larger than the Catholic prayer book. He asked "What's that book?" "Father," said I, "It is a nice book, it speaks about the blessed Mother, our Lord Jesus,

and lots of other good things." "Let me see it!" Oh, what a face he made! "My child," said he, "you are on the road to hell, yes, in hell itself. There is no hope for you, since you have been reading this damnable Protestant book."

Fear and trembling took hold of me, for ever since I was a boy of four I had always a holy terror of hell and the horned and fiery inmates. To avoid hell and get a little corner in Purgatory I not only said plenty of Aves to all the saints visible in my native church, but also to those invisible to make my position sure. Now to be told that I was in hell, and damned, made me cry: "What must I do to get out of it?"

"I shall give you a catechism," answered the priest, "and by memorizing the same you shall escape hell."

"But, Father," I ventured, "I have been studying it ever since I was a boy."

"My son," announced he, "I'll give you an advanced one." So saying, he gave me a catechism, but my New Testament he carefully placed in his pocket. That night I did not attend the preaching because I was too scared and afraid of hell. However, for a week my

mind kept saying "That was a good book. There was nothing bad in it; why did the priest take it away from me?" I could find no answer to this and other questions, so I resolved to go again to the Protestant meeting. I went, and when it was over, I told the affair to the preacher, and said, "Mr. Nardi, if you'll give me a Bible, I'll promise you that the priest will never see it, and I will read it every day." He gave me a Bible, and the more I read it, the clearer my vision became, and the firmer my conviction grew that there was an immense gulf between the teachings of the Bible and that of the Popish church. And yet I was not sufficiently convinced of my new faith to break away from my superstitious practices, so for a year I kept on attending both churches, for a tabernacle had taken the place of the tent at 10th and Kimball streets.

Out of these Evangelistic meetings there were two results. One, my family, upon finding out that I was attending the Protestant services, complained to me and outside pressure was brought to bear on my father. He was basely accused of sanctioning my going over to Protestantism because of the coal and house rent he received as a reward. But

knowing that every penny was earned by hard sweat, he told me one day that either I should abandon the Protestant church, or else leave his house. I chose the latter. However, three months later I was recalled home by my mother.

The other result, indirectly due to Mr. Nardi's influence, was my desire to serve the Master and to make the gospel of salvation which is the power of God, known to thousands of young men like me, who lived without God. At the age of fifteen I entered the ministry with one purpose in mind: to follow the example set before me by Mr. Nardi and to tell my countrymen that through faith in the Lamb that was slain on Calvary alone there is salvation.

My spiritual father, Mr. Nardi, has now gone to receive his crown, made up of thousands of jewels. I thank God that he came to Philadelphia and led me to Him who has saved me and given me a purpose in this life. My prayer is that I, like him, may be so used to God as to carry on the work which the Master Himself began. MICHELE FRASCA.

Tent Work in New York

DR. ELY, who went to New York City on an Evangelistic Campaign, invited Mr. Nardi to open tent work among the Italians in New York, where there were about half a million.

Mr. Nardi then left the work of Vineland and Hammonton in charge of Mr. Stasio. But before going to New York, he went to Washington, D. C., to preach the Gospel to the Italians, who had been gathered together by Miss Mauro, who spoke the language fluently. By the first of January of that year Mr. Nardi began his work in New York. He spent a few months preaching to different Italian Congregations in New York City and thus became acquainted with the need among his own country men in that great city.

In the early spring he began his open air work, and later, at 150th St. in the Bronx, a large tent was erected, and the converted Italians from a Methodist Mission near by came and helped in the singing. The first night, the lights had not yet been installed, and the meeting was held in the dark. A young Italian, who came with others out of curiosity, was

so impressed by this service that he became converted and is now a preacher of the Gospel in the Baptist denomination.

The first tent was erected at Harlem on 112th St. Mr. Nardi made his home in "Little Italy" for the convenience of the work among the Italians, and then he began to look about to see where he could open a hall. An old cafe, on 106th St. near First Ave., was rented. Below is the report by the New York Presbytery concerning the work:

Toward spring the hall was so overcrowded that we looked about for an empty lot to put up an Italian tent. Dr. Ely and Mr. Nardi found one in the next block toward the river, said by the police to be the worst block in the city. The lot belonged to a Presbyterian, and he gladly gave it without charge for this good work. This was indeed a needy field. Within a few months five murders had been committed on that very lot, and those who committed the acts escaped and were never found. We felt that this was just the place for the work, so the meetings for adults and children were begun. Some of the enemies to the truth went on the roofs of the tenement houses and

threw stones and other things down on the tent, so that it was necessary for policemen to patrol the roofs of the houses. After a few days, a black hand letter was addressed to Mr. Nardi asking a thousand dollars and threatening his life if the money was not forthcoming. But we gave ourselves to prayer, in union with the workers of the committee and the Lord protected us so "No evil came nigh our dwelling."

About a month later another blackhand letter was received at their own home, but Mr. and Mrs. Nardi went on without noticing it, and the Lord kept them and gave them the favor of the people who came night after night and asked them to stay there. But they invited them to the next block to the hall when the tent was taken down in the fall.

Mr. F. Pirazzini was engaged by the Presbyterians to continue the work and after some years of service there is now a most beautiful church building there.

Charlton Street

MR. NARDI was asked by Dr. Schauffler to take charge of the work on the West Side in lower New York on Charlton St. Mr.

Nardi undertook the work and with the blessing of God he continued there nearly six years. This Mission was a little distance from the Italian colony, but the Lord answered prayer, and soon the place became too small for the numbers who came. As the Mission was thoroughly equipped with good workers, there was nothing left undone to push forward the work.

After three years, with the help of Mrs. John S. Kennedy, a beautiful new building was erected called "Charlton Memorial Church" in memory of her sister. It is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the city, with thorough equipment of every description. While pastor of this church, Rev. Mr. Antonio Arrighi, who had been pastor of the Broome St. Tabernacle for thirty years under the City Mission, retired, and Mr. Nardi was asked to undertake the pastoral work of this church also. Services were held on Sunday at five in the evening and a prayer meeting on Thursday evening in the Broome Street Tabernacle, and at eight o'clock on Sunday evening in the Charlton St. Church with a prayer meeting on Wednesday. This arrangement of services enabled him to take the extra work, although

THE CHARLTON STREET MEMORIAL CHURCH, NEW YORK.

it was an added strain. Something was going on all the time in these two large churches in the way of Sunday Schools, sewing schools, young people's societies, Mother's meetings, etc., etc., which kept about a dozen missionaries busy all the time.

We give here a copy of the printed report of the Charlton Street Memorial Church.

For the first three months of this year, our Italian congregation worshiped in Alexander Chapel during the erection of our present beautiful edifice. Those three months were the last of the twelve months that we spent with the Rev. H. Pritchard, pastor of the Chapel. When we parted, a sweet memory remained of how Americans and Italians may worship together a whole year in true loving fellowship.

Since the opening of the new building in the month of April, a number of Italian pastors and missionaries have visited our church and all have given expressions of gratitude to God and to the good lady who has so generously given so great a gift to our Master's work and to the Italians of America.

During the nine months of the year just closed we proved how needful it was to have

larger accommodations for each of the departments of the work, and especially for Sunday evening meetings for adults.

The year began and closed without especial perils, poverty or sickness. Here and there a little help was given. We record one death. We have had several baptisms and a wedding. At every communion we have had some additions to the church and at all the services we have had some encouragements. For instance a few Sundays ago, a finely educated gentleman passing by the church, read the sign. He entered the building and attended our evening service. On taking him by the hand after the meeting, he said, "Curiosity brought me inside, but the Spirit of God has touched my heart very deeply, and instead of an unbeliever, I am going out a true believer. I shall make this place my spiritual home." He has kept his promise, attending all the meetings and reading God's Word given to him. Not long since I asked a young lady what led her to become one of us. She said, "Our big brother had already begun to attend the Italian Evangelical Church, and we soon found in him a great change for the better. The pastor urged him to invite members of his family to come

to church. One day he asked me to attend that evening one of their monthly social gatherings, and I went just to please him. Several things were done, and said, but none of these interested me; the reading of God's Word and the prayer at the opening and at the closing of the meeting went with me, and I purposed then and there to attend the Sunday evening services. I spoke of them to my mother and to my younger sister, and on the following Sunday evening all four attended the meeting and we have continued to go with great delight during these four years." We have to thank our God for several such testimonies during the year.

During the past year two new Italian missions have been established, and have been blessed with almost phenomenal results. The one in East 106th street, in the colony known as 'Little Italy," was opened November 7th with the noted evangelist, Mr. Nardi, in charge. He labored without compensation. From the first the room, which accommodates only 114, has been crowded to overflowing at all the services on Sabbaths and weekdays. The doors have been locked to prevent over-

crowding, and sometimes policemen have to be called to prevent eager people from forcing an entrance. In June Mr. Nardi was succeeded by Mr. Pirazzini, so that he could give his time to the Summer Tent Work. These two brethren preached every night from June 1st to September 15 to crowds in the Italian tent and at the same time kept alive and flourishing our mission. The interest does not abate. Forty adults have been admitted to communion after giving full proof of the genuineness of their conversion. A hundred more, coming out from Rome, and seeking the benefits of evangelical preaching, would gladly enter our church as communicants, but, mindful of the unfortunate reputation of "Little Italy," our missionaries exercise extreme caution, requiring the test of time, as well as the test of courage under the frowns and anathemas of the priests of Rome. No organization has been attempted or asked for, but, at the request of those admitted to the communion, their names have been placed upon the roll of the New York Church. Thus they come under the care and discipline of the Session of that church until they shall become a separate organization.

Last January a delegation of Italians from the Bronx brought a petition, signed by forty-three Italians, asking to be organized as a Presbyterian church. They had listened to the preaching of Mr. Nardi and Mr. D'Anchise. Many of them had been members elsewhere. They were Italians of the better class. That petition is in the hands of a Special Committee of this Presbytery. Meanwhile your Committee established a mission for them in Morris Avenue, with young Mr. D'Anchise in charge. An old saloon was converted into a chapel. The people rallied, bought furniture, gas fixtures, a stove, hymnbooks and Bibles, and have met the current expenses, except the rentals. There has been no better or more successful work under the care of your Committee than this. The room has never at any time been adequate to the needs of the congregation or the Sabbath-school. One twice as large would be filled at once. Forty persons have been received into the communion of our Church and enrolled with the New York Church pending the organization.

Your Committee cannot too strongly urge the necessity of permanent and enlarged accommodations for these two Italian congrega-

tions and the church of the Bohemian Brethren. They are under the pastoral care of young men of exceptional piety and ability. Surely no better use could be made of a moderate amount of money than in providing suitable houses of worship for these congregations.

The following report also is full of interest, written by Mr. Nardi himself, on the work of The West Side Italian Church.

AS we look back over the twelve months of 1911 and realize how the hand of the Almighty guided us all along, we can say heartily, "Praise the Lord!" Indeed it was a year of great blessing in many ways. Our people, the members and the friends who attend our services, had no real poverty, for all had more or less work. Neither was it a year of much sickness; rather a year of much increase, for a number of healthy babies came to make glad the homes and the church. Besides, our fellowship with the pastor and the members of the Alexander Chapel at 7 and 9 King Street, where we worship for the time being, has been one of the most peaceful and cor-

dial association, two congregations, English and Italian, worshipping together. In the changing of place, we have lost none of our members nor of our friends, but we have had rather an increase from service to service.

Our young people have been very generous in giving toward foreign missions as well as for those at home. About two months ago Dr. and Mrs. Glover of China, addressed our Christian Endeavor Society. They told of their seventeen years' experience in China—of their school and orphanage and finally they closed their discourse with the story of a little baby, just born, wrapped in paper and left to die in a neglected place of the city. Mrs. Glover opened the package, and as she had supposed, she found it contained a little baby at the point of death; her husband being present and being a physician, saved her life. She is now one of the brightest in the institution. Our young people asked the privilege of being responsible for the maintenance of the girl for at least this year, and they gave Dr. Glover then and there twenty dollars, and we all enjoyed it so much.

In closing this report, we must not forget that among our members we have at present a

very promising young man studying at Dr. White's Bible Teachers' Training School, preparing himself to preach the Gospel. Another one of a very fine family, finished his course at Dr. White's school last year. He is now the associate editor of the Italian Evangelical paper "l'Araldo" published by the Presbyterian Board of Education.

It has been a year of great spiritual blessing, for the Gospel has been preached in all its fullness and power, and we see its effects as we visit in the homes. To God be all the glory.

Chapter V

CLOSING MINISTRY IN ITALY

AFTER almost six years of work under the "New York City Mission," Mr. Nardi again felt a longing desire to go to Italy to preach the Gospel and to go even as far as Tripoli, to preach the Gospel to the Italians who were rushing into the new territory. Although it was very hard for them to separate from the loving associations and the dear people whom they loved so much, Mr. Nardi resigned his charge, and Rev. Joseph Brunn came to take his place.

The following accounts tell of the farewell service:

Mr. Nardi's Farewell

ON the evening of April 30th the auditorium of Charlton Street Memorial Church was filled with members of the church and friends of the Rev. Michele Nardi, who was holding his farewell service as pastor of the Italian work of the church. Mr. Nardi and Dr. Pirazzini spoke in Italian. There was

also singing in Italian by three of the young men of the church and in English by one of the young women. Miss White, representing the City Mission, spoke of Mr. Nardi's work, and the Rev. Seth C. Craig, on behalf of the people of Charlton Street, presented to Mr. Nardi a gold watch suitably inscribed. To Mrs. Nardi a travelling bag was given. The recipients of these gifts thanked the people in appropriate terms. It is difficult to express the love which these two workers have for the people of Charlton Street, which is reciprocated by those for whom they have labored so faithfully for over five years.

On March 5th, at a meeting of the Committee on Italian Work of City Mission Directors, Mr. Nardi presented his resignation as pastor of Italian work at Broome Street Tabernacle and Charlton Street Memorial Church, stating as his reason for doing so the fact that he intended going to Italy for the purpose of engaging in evangelistic work there. After expressions of sincere regret at Mr. Nardi's intention of severing his connection with our Society, the following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*: That with great regret we ask the Board of Directors to accept the resigna-

tion of the Rev. Michele Nardi as Italian pastor of Broome Street Tabernacle and Charlton Street Memorial Church, to take effect May 1, 1913, and that we express our high appreciation of the faithfulness, fidelity and fruitage of his five years of service in connection with City Mission."

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on March 12th, Mr. Nardi's resignation was accepted and the President was directed to convey to him the regret of the Board and their appreciation of the splendid service which he rendered in connection with our two churches for Italians.

Mr. and Mrs. Nardi leave our work with the best wishes of their fellow-workers and of those for whom they labored. We wish them God speed and pray that the Heavenly Father will lead and help them in the future as He has in the past.

They then spent a few months in Germantown, Philadelphia, before leaving for Italy. Here Mr. Nardi looked for the last time upon the work he had started some years before, and witnessed faithfully to the power of the Gospel in the churches of Philadelphia. It was also a great joy to him to preach in

the "Whosoever Gospel Mission" (the rescue Mission of Germantown), and he prayed for that work until his last day. While in Philadelphia, he received a telegram telling of his brother's illness, but he did not arrive at Pittsburgh at his brother's home until after he had passed away. He then preached his brother's funeral sermon and had the privilege of witnessing both in Italian and in English while in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Nardi had been visiting relatives in Pittsburgh and vicinity, so they both returned to Germantown, where at the home of Mrs. S. G. Beck they celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary (a silver wedding). Mrs. Beck had invited many of their friends both in this country and abroad to share in this celebration. The letters accompanying the gifts were appreciated even more than the gifts. They kept them and had the pleasure of reading them while crossing the ocean. Mr. Nardi often spoke of the letters with much feeling.

On the 5th of July they went to New York, and on the following Sunday Mr. Nardi preached his last sermon to the dear people in the Charlton and Broome St. Churches and

they "sorrowed" most because of the words he said to them "I shall see your faces no more on this side." On July 10th, 1913, they left New York Harbor on the Cunard Line and sailed directly to Genoa, Italy.

The parting was a real blessing to all, though sorrowful. There were many Italian miinsters and missionaries and friends who had gathered on board for a farewell service. They sang some of the beautiful Italian hymns and read the Scripture and had prayer.

A number of Catholic Bishops and priests were also sailing, and seeing the blessed fellowship we had, one of them asked one of the Italians who this is, and he said "Father Nardi." But he found out later he was not one of their kind of "Fathers."

They had the opportunity on board to witness to Christ and give out tracts. But they were not allowed to have a meeting. But there were some Christian people on board, with whom they had fellowship, and the journey was very restful.

On July 24 they arrived in Genoa and were met by the beloved Italian brother who had labored with them in Rome some years before. It was a happy meeting to see each other again

face to face, and to be associated once more in the work of the Lord.

Their first destination was Rapallo on the Riviera where they found a little company of believers, who had been brought into the light through a dear friend, Miss Mauro, from Washington, D. C., who had resided here with her family a few years and had been much used of the Lord among these people. Mr. and Mrs. Nardi soon felt at home among them as they found they were one in the Lord. As Miss Mauro was residing in England at this time, the little flock was glad to have Mr Nardi preach to them which he did in the power of the Spirit.

Rapallo is a beautiful resort, one of the most beautiful places in Italy, where Germans, and English, and Americans spend the winter. Those who were Christians came to the meeting on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Nardi did not confine himself to Rapallo, but he preached the Gospel along the Riviera and especially at Sarzano where there was an Italian family who had labored with Mr. Nardi in America. This brother opened his home for Gospel meetings, and his house being on the public road, he put in Mosaic on

the door step the verse Jno. 3:16 where all the passers-by had to read it. This town is not far from Spezzia, so Mr. Nardi went to and fro on the train and also visited the brethren at Rome, and found many of the first converts happy to see him again. It was during his visit to Rome that the Temple in memory of John S. Kennedy, the gift of his wife to the Waldensian Society, was dedicated. The brethren of Rome made him promise at that time that he would again return and preach the Gospel to them. He had planned to return there early in the fall, but God had planned otherwise.

He returned to Rapallo in February, and in April a Christian Doctor, a German, was visiting Rapallo, and he told Mr. Nardi one day that he would like to examine him. "You are a sick man, Mr. Nardi," he said. Mr. Nardi laughingly said "Nardi is all right." He did not realize that he was failing, but went on preaching the same as ever. The Doctor had told some of the English friends that Mr. Nardi had hardening of the arteries, but Mr. Nardi knew nothing of it.

Toward the end of June he began to fail, but he did not give up and go to bed until

six days before he passed away. Peritonitis had set in, but the Doctor gave out that the hardening of his arteries was the cause of his death.

During the last moments of his life on earth he was growing more and more heavenly and more matured in his spiritual life.

Once he said that though the pain was great, it lifted him higher and higher into the heaven. The nurse heard him pray that although the pain was great, if the Lord wished to have it be seven times hotter and even much worse, he was willing to bear it. His power in prayer was marvelous.

The Lord was evidently telling him that he would take him home as many remarks that he made during these months now show.

He preached his last sermon about ten days before his departure, and took for his text "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die; it abideth alone."

All who heard him said it was an inspired message, especially when he put up his arms and said "I am ready to go," and it seemed as if he would be translated then and there."

On the last day of his life on earth he asked the nurse in the morning "Is it six

o'clock?" and she said "It is eleven." And he said "Oh! it is so long until six. I am going home, I am already in heaven." And with that a beautiful smile broke over his face. Then he asked for his wife who was out of the room at the time. She came and gave him verses of Scripture one after the other. "Behold now we see through a glass darkly," etc., and others. When she quoted the verse 'When all my labors and trials are o'er" etc., he said "Amen." When she said "My darling Michele, I will be so lonely without you," he pressed her hand to the very last until he had departed.

A number of the brethren were about him, and he had all the care that they could give him. Much prayer had been offered for his restoration, but the fruit was ripe for the garner, so it dropped into the Kingdom. He had often said that he wanted to go on before and come back with Jesus on one of those white horses spoken of in Revelation. The Lord took him at his word.

Chapter VI

FUNERAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICES

THE funeral services were conducted on July 23rd in the morning. He had passed away on July 21st a little before 5 p. m. Different Italian ministers of Italy were present. the one from Chiavari, a Baptist, from Genoa a Methodist, also the Pastor of the "Brethren" from Genoa, and Rev. Mr. D'Anchise from America.

Of this service Rev. G. D. Anchise writes:

Everything was conducted in a very simple manner and the Word was preached in the hall and in the cemetery. Before leaving the hall Mrs. Nardi sang a beautiful hymn in Italian, which greatly affected the whole audience. Mr. Nardi was laid in a lovely spot surrounded by olive trees, and a beautiful palm overshadows the grave. His wife adds, "As he was lowered into the grave 'Peace like a river filled my soul, and the Lord spoke to me, saying, "Yet a little while and he that shall come will come and will not tarry."'

"I felt that I was not alone, for the Lord had given me beside Himself many good friends among both the English and the Italians of Rapallo. After a few days Mr. Phillip Mauro and his daughter arrived, and we began to make arrangements for my return to America. Then the War broke out, and we were delayed. I wanted to see the tomb stone set in place before leaving. As the grave was in the part alloted to the Protestants, just oposite the large entrance, we put verses on both sides of the pure white marble head stone so that all who passed by would have to see them; even those passing by on the street.

"The Catholics passing to their part of the Cemetery must also see them. Rev. 1:5, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,' is the verse on one side, and on the other, 1 Jno. 5:11, 12, 'And this is the record that God has given to us eternal life; and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.' This is on the side toward the public street.

"The day before leaving Italy for America I planted violets on the grave."

And thus this precious life was laid down

for the Lord and the brethren. He did not feel that he was old, but still looked forward to going to Tripoli, but the Lord had need of him.

The people of Rapollo saw with surprise the goodly throng of Protestants that accompanied our Brother Nardi to his last earthly resting place. They never thought that in those few months of residence among them the dear, faithful servant of the Lord—despising hardship and persecution—had brought, under the Divine guidance and inspiration, so many of their countrymen to Jesus.

In the beautiful little cemetery for the Protestants, on the slope of the hills surrounding the Gulf, many strangers were attracted by the singing of hymns, and with tears in their eyes they watched as the simple service proceeded, and the beautiful words of faith announcing the resurrection resounded among the graves.

Those who were present promised to attend the services of the little Church in Rapallo, and I am sure that many others will follow the same example.

MICHELE NARDI'S GRAVE

Michele Nardi is living yet in that lovely little city of the Eastern Riviera—living in the heart of those that heard him announcing with his touching voice and unsurpassed tone of sincerity the blessed news of our salvation, living as well, in the example of his life so full of sacrifice and dedication to the cause of the Master and the consolation of his fellowmen.

This will be true not only of Rapallo; but also of S. Michele, S. Margherita, Ruta, Larzana, wherever he spent the last energies of his life preaching the Word of God.

Those that listened to his last sermon said that he showed a marked preparedness to meet his God. As in tender tones he described the reality and happiness of being with the Lord, all the congregation had the impression of "hearing him speak from other worlds."

So will our last remembrance be if we follow the example of our Master.

I am sure that for many years among those fishermen that dropped the nets to take their caps off while the funeral of our dear brother was passing along the shore, there will be repeated an innocent story, that "once in Rapallo a good preacher saw the Heaven opened

and the Lord awaiting him while he was preaching a few days before his death."

The Rev. Joseph Brunn also writes:

On August 5th I received a postal card from the Rev. J. D'Anchise, dated Rapallo, Italy, July 23d, in which I read, "The news that I am giving you is sad and unexpected. Dear Mr. Nardi has finished his course, and has gone to his Lord. This morning we held his funeral. We laid him on a little hill in the cemetery of Rapallo, where he will rest under the sun of his beloved country. Poor Mrs. Nardi is a living example of faith and courage. Tell it to all his friends. He died of peritonitis, worn by these last years of hard work. A few days before he died he wrote a letter full of new plans for new work in other places. It is a noble life that has passed; may God raise up others like him."

We thought Mr. Nardi well and, as usual, active in his work. I cannot express in words

the feeling produced on me by the sad message. The cry came spontaneously from my heart: My God, what shall we do without Mr. Nardi?

Mr. Nardi was rightly called the Moody of the Italians. His zeal, piety, sincerity and faith are known to all. He founded many missions and churches in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Vineland, Philadelphia, and other places in Italy and America. He was a real witness at all times and to all people, in season and out of season, but the congregation of the Charlton Street Memorial Church is one of the best monuments of his faithful labors for his Master. It was most fitting that a memorial service should be held for him at Charlton Street, as it was held on Sunday evening, September 13th. The edifice was crowded to the doors before the service started. Ten Italian ministers were present, and many more would have been there had the service been held at a more convenient hour.

The Rev. A. H. McKinney, the first speaker, said in part: "Mr. Nardi was not a perfect man; there was only one perfect man, Jesus Christ. Mr. Nardi was a man of tremendous conviction. There were no ifs or buts in his

knowledge of the Heavenly Father; his God and his Christ were real and living. He carried the force of his conviction to the hearts and souls of his people. He was also a man of great zeal; one could not know Mr. Nardi without realizing that he was full of the grace and power that comes from the Spirit of God. He was also a man of unbounded patience; he was patient with the young and with the old. It was because of this God-like quality that people loved him." Dr. McKinney closed his remarks by exhorting all to continue the work laid down by this faithful servant of God.

The next speaker was Professor A. Pirazzini, of the Bible Teachers Training School. He said: "Twenty years ago Mr. Nardi came to Rome and opened a hall in one of the aristocratic streets of the Eternal City. It was a revelation to see officers of the army, government officials and college professors coming to hear this simple preacher of the Gospel. Many of his converts are to this day a power in the churches of Rome. Had Mr. Nardi continued in worldly affairs he would have died a millionaire, but he preferred the unsearchable riches of Christ. Had he been a Roman Catholic, he would be worshipped as

MICHELE NARDI'S GRAVE

a saint. He always selected hard places and when he had the work well started he would go to another.'

The Rev. A. DePietro, representing the Italian Ministerial Association, also spoke briefly.

During the memorial service a picture of Mr. Nardi made by Mr. Eugene Manzo was unveiled. Great appreciation was shown by the people in their silent gaze upon the kindly features of their former pastor and true friend.

Dr. Schauffler, who could not be present because of other engagements, sent a letter which was read. He wrote in part: "I have ever had Mr. Nardi in fond remembrance. I learned to know him as one of the most Christian men I ever met. His one thought was for the glory of his Master and the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men, especially those from Italy. *His memory is fragrant and blessed.*"

An Appreciation

I SHALL ever be grateful to God for having known my beloved friend, Michele Nardi. It may well be said of him that through the faith which was his and which moulded and affected his entire life— though being dead he yet speaketh. No life that is lived in God can die. It continues its blessed existence not only in that glorious land beyond, but it continues to be a living factor in the world, among those who had the privilege of seeing the glory of that life.

As I think of my friend who has only passed beyond the vail, I cannot help but think more clearly of my blessed Lord and Master whom he served and loved. There was that abandon in him to the Lord's work that closely linked him to the Divine Son of God. He was a man who never thought of self—nor did he deem any task too arduous if he might accomplish the work which God had committed to him. He was clearly a servant of the Most High. He considered his life as belonging to God and as a thing to be used for his glory. He never looked upon himself as the hired man of any committee or organization; he had his commission for service from God, and the financial assistance which was given him he

accepted as a gift from God that he might do His will. He was no time server—he expected his Lord to come—but it mattered not to him when He should come. His life was constantly lived as in the presence of God.

I shall never forget my first meeting with him in the city of Naples over seventeen years ago. He loved to be in the house of God. Even as God's Son at 12 years of age was in the temple doing his Father's will, so our friend was attracted always to the places where God's people gather.

For the moment it seemed but a mere chance that I should meet this man of God who could speak English and with whom I could communicate. But as time went on, I concluded that in the working out of the lives of God's people there is no chance, but that all events tend toward one end—and that is the accomplishment of God's holy purpose in the World.

I was a stranger in a strange country, notwithstanding the fact that a quarter of a century prior to that I had passed through that city of contrasts on my way to the then, to me, unknown America. I can never express the joy I felt in meeting an Italian-American

Protestant in that city of beauty and superstition. Our conversation, as we walked through the Neapolitan streets, was, as might be supposed, of God, His work for the salvation of man, and Italy's need of the Gospel. The warm, frank, sincere heart of Brother Nardi shone through his face and words. I was attracted to him, and a true friendship began upon that night which will continue throughout eternity.

It has been said, and I believe justly so, that the Spirit of God is communicated from soul to soul. The souls that are on fire, that are burning with the zeal of God—set other souls aglow. This certainly was true of Brother Nardi. No one could be with him ever for a day without loving him and at the same time without catching somewhat of his spirit. I had the pleasure of seeing much of him during my six months stay in Rome. And I saw then the great devotion of the man to the cause of God. Night after night, and day after day, he was ever about his Father's business. Preaching was his life—but the power of his preaching was not in his finished literary style, not in his use of classic words, but in the fact that he had a message, and that message was

given with his whole being. He really preached as a dying man to dying men. He incarnated in his own life the substance of his preaching. Men could not help feeling the reality of his Christian life. His was a life given over completely to God for the service of men. He never considered his own interest or personal comfort. Whatever was for the welfare and advancement of the kingdom—that was his meat and drink.

Then, too, while he had his own personal doctrinal views, he was able to work with any one who loved God and His service. I shall never forget how, when I was just beginning my work in Brooklyn, I was compelled to pass through some very difficult experiences. Brother Nardi, like his divine Master, always ready to help those who needed help, offered to come over and help me in a series of meetings which lasted five weeks. For all those nights, rain or shine, he came from his home uptown in New York to assist me during that memorable season of refreshment. How our people loved to hear him, to see him, to speak with him!

In these days when there seems to be so much apathy and indifference to religious mat-

ters, we hear it said that religion has lost its hold. But those who say this never have known what living religion really means. When religion is lived and incarnated—that is, when the love of God is truly seen in the life of a servant of God, it will always appeal. Brother Nardi never attempted any religious movement without getting results, without impressing people with the idea that he was a servant of the most high God, that he had a message which was vital to his own life and therefore of infinite value to those to whom he spoke.

He was pre-eminently a founder of churches. He has established and built more Protestant-Italian churches than any other man living or dead. To see Mr. Nardi at his best, to see his face shine with the glory of God, one had to see him as he was conducting a meeting during one of his great tent campaigns. I shall never forget my visit to him while he was laying the foundation for the big church in Philadelphia. Other men had worked there, others had attempted to reach the Italians, but all agreed in saying—"this is an awfully hard field"; all saw great difficulties; all saw impossibilities. They all, like the

spies of ancient times, said in their reports: "The people are really in need of God, but they are very much opposed to God." Brother Nardi was of the Caleb and Joshua type. He believed that the thing that seemed impossible to men could be accomplished in God and through His Spirit he opened his tent —the first to be opened in this country or any country for the purpose of reaching Italians. The results were beyond anything the Protestant people of Philadelphia could ever have expected. Night after night for three months that man of God held that great audience of six or seven hundred and fed it upon the Word of God and drew out of it a group of elect souls who formed the foundation for the church that is now rendering such fine service. This same solid work was repeated in three different places of New York City, and as a result of his untiring efforts and consecrated work three beautiful churches have been built in this city.

Brother Nardi's character and spirit shone through everything he did. He was a consistent Christian. His life was an open book. You always knew where he stood on any question. No one ever felt a sense of uncertainty

about this man. His yea was yea and nay was nay. There were those who took advantage of his sincere and open soul, but he would never change his method of life. He had such boundless confidence that "all things work together for good to them that love God" that he could not be turned aside from what he considered to be his duty, no matter how often he was deceived and disappointed. As I talked matters over with him, he would give a hearty laugh and say, "Well, God knows it all and He can fix it all up—He can make it all right." To him God was a reality, a God who really reigns in this world and who governs the affairs of men in wisdom and holy love. He felt he could place implicit trust in that God. He was indeed as a little child, and therefore he lived constantly in the kingdom of God. He practiced the presence of God.

Throughout the length and breadth of this land and throughout Italy, where Italian churches are to be found, there the name of Brother Nardi is held in deep reverence. It is worth while to live as he lived. Some say he departed before his time, he consumed himself in the work of God. Of him it may in truth be said, "The zeal of the Lord hath

eaten him up." But I do not share in that view. He did a work which no other man did in this country in Italian evangelization—his life has gone into the very texture of the life of our Italian churches. What more could be desired? He might have lived a few years more. His friends might have had the pleasure of his presence a little longer. But then if he had spared his life, he might not have done what he did. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it, but he that seeketh to save his life shall lose it.'" Because he poured out his very life's blood, he brought his life to a close rapidly. He followed the example of his Lord, shared in His suffering, and so laid down his life. But that after all is his greatest glory. He never sought glory. He would often say to me, "Let others have the glory if I can do the will of God." But now God crowns him with glory. The eternal word of God cannot be other than true. "He that endures unto the end shall have the crown of life."

I am grateful to God for the intimacy which I enjoyed with this man of God. He has been and still is a constant inspiration to me. I shall never forget the seasons of prayer we

had together with his dear wife who shared to the last all his noble endeavors. To be with these servants of God even for a short time now and then was like breathing the pure air of the mountains in summer time. I feel that I owe much to the holy and self-sacrificing example of my friend and brother, Mr. Nardi.

The cause of Italian evangelization has lost, in the death of Brother Nardi, its foremost advocate. I for one feel that his going home to be with God, in whose company he lived while here on earth, makes it all the more imperative for me to give myself more fully to the cause of Christ. I am sure that I express the sentiment of many of my brethren when I say that Brother Nardi though absent in the flesh is still living among us and that his beautiful and devoted example makes us all long to imitate him in his love and devotion to his Master. Brother Nardi has become a permanent influence in the lives of his brethren. I may be permitted to close this unfinished and inadequate testimony to my friend by applying to him the words of St. John (Rev. 3:12).

"To him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the

name of my God and the name of the city of my God which is New Jerusalem which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name."

ANTONIO MANGANI.

Some Personal Recollections

IT is of a very few persons, in our days, that it may be said: 'To have known him was to love him!" Our beloved Michele was one of this blessed company. I always remember the first time I met him: it is more than eighteen years ago. I was sitting in my office in the Y. M. C. A. of Rome, Italy, of which I was general secretary. It was a time of peculiar trials in my own life, a time of deep searchings of the heart, a time of spiritual lonesomeness when the need of a real friend, a friend of mature Christian experience and deep human sympathies, a friend wise in counsel, is felt more than ever. As brother Nardi entered my office, he opened his mouth and said: "Praise the Lord!" the blessed words that were always on his lips as a true expression of the faith which filled his soul, and was the secret of his blessed life. I felt immediately that he was the friend I needed whom God

was sending me, and my heart went toward him, as if I had known him for years.

Later on we discovered that there were other things in common between us, besides our mutual interests and sympathies, yet I cannot say that our friendship became any stronger than it had been from the first. We found out that we were both born in the province of Ravenna (N. Italy) which, as all Italians know, has always been productive in political agitators and martyrs, but is fiercely antagonistic to religion, chiefly because Romanism is the only form of religion known, and the *Romagnoli* hate the priests bitterly. How it made our hearts glad to think that we were both "brands plucked from the fire" and that if God saved us, He was able to save the *Romagnoli* as well as any other people. Years later we also discovered that we had family traditions in common, and traditions of the most sacred character. When brother Nardi, as a young lad, had enrolled among the volunteers of Garibaldi, he took part in the battle of Mentana which was fought against the Papal army, backed up by the troops of Napoleon III, in the year 1867. He was among those who assisted my father's brother when

he fell wounded on the battlefield, as he was leading the company to which our brother Nardi belonged. But our Michele's modesty was such that I did not know of this for many years. One day, in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., where I was pastor at the time, he happened to see a picture of my uncle which had been taken a few months before he fell in the battle of Mentana. He looked at it intently for a few moments, then he exclaimed: "I knew that man, I saw him fall; he was my officer at Mentana!" and thus the whole story came out.

There are persons who attract us at first sight, but, on more intimate acquaintance, we lose much of our good opinion of them. Our dear brother was of the very opposite kind: the more you knew him, the more you discovered his sterling qualities. His public life and his private life, his preaching and his practice were in wonderful harmony and beautifully complemented each other. As a missionary, he labored more than any of the older or younger ministers who have ever adorned Italian Protestantism either in Italy or in America. The churches which he organized from the start, or which he built up and saved

from collapse, may be counted in more than two figures. In this country his missionary activities stretched far and wide, from New York to California, north and south, wherever Italian colonies are to be found. In Italy his labors covered practically the whole country from Sicily to Piedmont, at different times. I have had the privilege to succeed him in Philadelphia, Pa., after he had carried on a great Evangelistic campaign among the Italians for several months. He had been sowing the good seed in such a way that, after a few months, one of the largest (if not the largest) Italian Protestant Churches of this country, the "First Italian Presbyterian Church" of Philadelphia was organized. Later on the "Second Italian Presbyterian Church" in West Philadelphia, and the flourishing Church of Germantown, Pa., were established as branches of the "First Church." Now both are independent congregations with beautiful buildings of their own and are led by young pastors, two of whom were converted in the "First Church." I am sure that such results could not have been obtained, in such a short time, without the original impulse given by our beloved brother, whose prayers never ceased to

help, even when he was absent in body. The establishment of the Italian Department of the Bible Teachers' Training School in New York City, which, during the seven years of its existence has sent more than ninety Italian young men and women throughout the United States as Bible teachers, missionaries, or as ordained ministers of many different denominations, was due to a large extent to the wise counsels and advice that our beloved brother gave to the Rev. Dr. W. W. White, the President of the School. And the influence of the personality of Brother Nardi upon the character of many of these young students, whom he often visited at 541 Lexington Avenue, where the beautiful home of the school is located, was indeed incalculable, especially in the case of those (nearly 35 of them) who had been formerly priests in the Romish church, and who saw in our brother's character that of a real saint, such as they had never conceived before they knew him. But if Brother Nardi had not studied many books, he was intimately acquainted with *The Book* in such a way, that very few men could surpass him. And he also had a profound knowledge of the world, and of men, and this knowledge helped to make

him a wise and indeed a great winner of souls.

His language was at all times plain, forceful and picturesque. His pulpit illustrations were nearly always the result of his own observations, and of such a character that his hearers seldom forgot the truths they were intended to convey. When I was associated with him in Rome, Italy, where the standard of intellectuality is of the highest kind, I have ofter heard college professors, officers in the army, and other such prominent persons, declare that they preferred to listen to the plain sermons of our dear brother, rather than to the more elaborate pulpit deliveries of the prominent preachers of the city! They all knew and felt that he believed every word he said, and the effect of this was that they forgot whatever literary imperfection there might have been in his addresses. Somebody has called our friend "The Moody of Italy!" It has been my privilege to count the great American evangelist among my personal friends. It was he, indeed, who in God's providence was instrumental in giving me the courage to stand before an audience and to testify for Christ, when my previous experience had been such as to make me think that my natural timidity

GROUP OF NEW YORK EVANGELISTIC COMMITTEE WORKERS, NEW YORK CITY.
MR. AND MRS. NARDI SEATED IN FRONT.

made me unfit to serve God as a Preacher. So I can bear testimony that the spirit of Brother Nardi was very similar to that of D. L. Moody, but since it has been my privilege to meet and to listen to Dr. John Henry Jowett, I have felt that not only spiritually, but physically as well, the two marvellously resemble each other, and this impression is shared by several mutual friends. Whenever I have the opportunity to attend the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and to listen to Dr. Jowett, I seem to hear the voice and see the face of *il caro Michele,* and my eyes moisten as I think that my beloved friend has now departed. And yet, wherefore weep? Our friend is alive and waiting to meet us! The goal is the same for him as for us. Dear Michele! thou hast only preceeded us. May we, following thy blessed example, be ever watching and waiting when the Bridegroom shall come! And then thou also shalt appear with Him in glory and we shall hear thee say once more, as when on earth: 'Praise the Lord!" And we shall join with thee praising Him for ever and ever!

Rev. Prof. Agide Pirazzini, D. D.

Some Characteristics of Michele Nardi

MY first recollections of Mr. Nardi go back to the winter of 1900-1901, when, being a soldier in Rome, I used to attend the meetings held by him in a fine and central hall in Via Cavour. The impression received at that time and which was strengthened in New York where I had the privilege of knowing him more intimately, is that Michele Nardi was an exceptionally consecrated man.

When I think of him, six things, among others, make me say: I well perceive that he had been with Jesus.

1. *His attitude towards his wife,* who, having become both blind and deaf, was depending almost entirely on him. He never showed the least impatience; but always the most respectful attention, the most tender help.

2. *His happiness.* Whenever I met Mr. Nardi at home, in public meetings, in society, I found him of good cheer and bright. His motto as well as that of his noble companion was: "Praise the Lord!" This was continually on his lips and reported on the first page of every copy of the Bible or portion of the Scripture he distributed and in every letter he wrote.

3. *His sincere, his ardent desire to evangelize.* I do not think that, after his conversion, Mr. Nardi ever made a new acquaintance among his countrymen without giving him a message from the Gospel. This explains how he could start, and bring to quite a prosperous condition so many Italian missions. It was not only because, not having had an evangelical preparation he felt he could not preach for years to the same congregation that he moved so often from one field to another; it was because of his great wish to evangelize as many people as possible. I remember him saying to me one day, in his apartment, in the beautiful church building (the gift of Mrs. John S. Kennedy) recently erected in Charlton Street: "Don't you think that this is a fine house to live in? I am not going to occupy it very long. It is for my successor." And yet his audience was growing, growing. He was planning to go to Tripoli to conquer for God, with the two-edged sword of His Word, that place newly conquered by the Italian guns. God had disposed differently.

This points out a new characteristic,

4. *His readiness to go wherever the Lord called him.* Where there was need of the

Gospel, that was his place, no matter if it was not the least attractive. "Do not be like those who are looking for the fine churches," he said on one occasion, to the Italian students of the Bible Teachers Training School, "Work faithfully where you are . . . Wait . . .The Lord is the One who must call you. He is the One who must say to you: 'My friend, come up higher.' "

5. *His spirit of prayer.* The time he and his wife spent on their knees, only God knows. And his were not selfish prayers. I mean, he did not pray only for his own work. There was no Christian work with which he did not feel in sympathy, and for which he did not pray with all his heart.

6. *His profound conviction that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation."* For every voice that said to him: "They will not be persuaded, they will not be converted to the God of Jesus Christ," another voice, far stronger, responded: "And still God has converted *me*. I was indifferent, I thought only of making money, I was enthusiastic about the career that was opening before me, when God, suddenly, by means of His Word, drew me to

other thoughts . . . of that man proud of himself and full of earthly dreams He made a servant of Jesus Christ! What He did to me will He not do to others?"

Rev. P. Griglio,
Pastor of Waldensian Congregation of New York.

A Tribute from Italy

WHO does not remember that ascetic figure, enlightened, from time to time, by a smile of infinite sweetness, which revealed the man of God, rich with the true evangelical piety?

Michele Nardi in the solemn prayer meeting held the evening before the inauguration of the new church in Piazza Cavour, poured our his mystic soul in fervent supplication to God, and this was the last time that here, in Rome, we heard that indefatigable pioneer of the Gospel.

He fell asleep in the Lord, last Tuesday, in Rapallo, where because of the mild climate, he had looked for a little relief from the disease with which he was afflicted. To the end he

gave testimony to the hope that was in him, leaving there a nucleus of believers without ecclesiastical or denominational aim.

Michele Nardi was one of the most notable examples of how the grace of God can raise up a living witness of the Truth that is in Jesus Christ. He was the genuine type of the Italian-American, who had his birth on Italian soil but was born of the Spirit in the United States of America.

He was hardly twenty-one years old when, about forty years ago, he emigrated. Naturally gifted and having a special talent for business, he soon found himself at the head of various enterprises for the building of roads, bridges, etc., in almost uninhabited regions. He, with his gangs of workers, was living a camp life far from the great centers, lodging in improvised shacks that were always pushed farther on, a true nomad life with the only purpose of making money. In this he was successful.

Nichele Nardi up to that time was not occupied with nor had interest in the things of God. He was born in the midst of Romanism, but the Catholic church with its hostile

attitude to the national aspirations, had made him, as many others, indifferent in the matter of religion. But when he realized his privilege to become a child of God, he did not hesitate to sacrific his brilliant future of a fortunate enterpriser of probable wealth, and he abandoned business in order to retire in one of his shacks and there to mediate on the Word of God. Like St. Paul in Arabia, he spent much time in meditation and prayer, attending only the school of the Great Master. When he came out from his retreat, he was an apostle and remained so to the end.

Necessary data is lacking to follow step by step Michele Nardi in his apostleship in the United States; it is enough to say that whenever he met our poor emigrants, he preached the Gospel to them, and this became the instrument, in the hands of God, for founding Italian evangelical churches in the United States of America. Although Nardi was not a partisan of any church, he especially worked in connection with the Presbyterians and finally he had charge of the work in the Charlton Street Memorial Church, New York City, the beautiful building due to the generosity of

Mrs. John S. Kennedy. He was a sincere friend of the Waldensian Church whose progress he had always in his heart. We honor his memory as that of one who fell in the breach, and so to his life companion, always serene, we say: "He is not dead, he sleeps . . . He rests from his labours but his works follow him."

Rev. A. Muston, ex-President of the Waldensian Board of Evangelization, in "La Luce," July 30, 1914. Translated by Rev. P. Griglio.

A Tribute

SOMEONE else has written or will write a biography of this great man. This is only a tribute to his memory.

We are apt to remember always the first and the last meeting with a friend. I met Mr. M. Nardi a few years ago for the first time, and immediately I felt that what I had heard of him was less than the truth. I remember his penetrating glance, the ardor of the saint radiating from all his person. Every word,

MRS. MICHELE NARDI

every act, was clear-cut and bore the mark of great decision and of an unyielding will.

Mr. Nardi, in the prime of his life had been a successful business man, and he became a successful evangelist. I do not know if Italy has ever had another evangelist who may be compared to Nardi. His way of expounding the Scriptures was simple, powerful, dramatic. Every word aimed at finding the way into the innermost heart of the hearer. He seemed without physical strength, but the moment he began to speak you saw the vigor of a lion. His prayer—I cannot forget his prayer—was a talk with God.

Masterful also was his way of constraining the attention of indifferent and even sneering ones. I remember when we were in Nyack for a short vacation, Mr. Nardi was talking of the coming of the Lord. It was a private conversation. One of the listeners said rather flippantly, "It will be nice when He will come." The man Nardi was transformed, he became terrible; with a great agility he stepped forward and, pointing at the unfortunate interrupter, cried aloud, rather thundered: "But not for you! You tremble!" A thun-

derbolt would not have scared more the worldly man he was addressing.

In speaking of Mr. Nardi allow me a last scene. A few friends went to see him when he was sailing for Italy; alas—the last time. We had a service on the steamer, then we waited the departure from the pier. It seems now; we were gazing at that fine couple—he, the tall, slender figure, and his beloved wife, the noble Christian blind woman, Mr. Nardi's most powerful human helper. As the steamer went slowly away and we were saluting each other, I thought of those two old people going again to evangelize Italy, and I said to myself, who knows whether we shall see each other again this side of the river; and when the passengers were no longer distinguishable, we departed. I thought: We are like travelers who during the trip lose sight of each other, but some day we will find ourselves side by side on that morning on the eternal shore.

Rev. G. Petrelli.

A Personal Letter

LAST evening I received a postal card from Mr. D'Anchise telling me of dear

Mr. Nardi's going home. I cannot tell you how I felt. It was a thunder bolt from a clear sky—and it shocked me. I could not help to cry to God from the bottom of my soul, "My God, what shall we do without Mr. Nardi. What Mrs. Nardi will do without him?" And it seemed as if God answered my cry, saying, "I wanted my servant in My glory and I, even I, your God, will take care of you all."

What shall I say to you, dear Mrs. Nardi? I cannot find words to say anything. My heart is too sore. I can only pray for you. I know exactly how you feel I have been there. But God gave me His wonderful peace, and healed my wounded heart, and He will do the same for you; I know He will.

Mrs. Brunn and our children are praying for you, and if you will return to America, do not forget that our house is yours; we have a spare room waiting for you. We would be glad and fortunate to have you with us.

On September 13th we shall hold a Memorial Service for Mr. Nardi in the Charlton Street Church. I wish you could be here then. Drs. Shauffler, Makinney and Pirazzini will speak, and I hope Dr. D'Anchise will be

here to tell us about Mr. Nardi's last days. I will send you a full report of the meeting.

In closing, dear Mrs. Nardi, let me exhort you to look up to the Lord, where Mr. Nardi is waiting for us, where we shall be united with the dear Lord for ever, where there shall be no more sin, no more sorrow, no more pain, no more separation. "Forever with the Lord."

REV. JOSEPH BRUNN.

A Memorial

ONE of the greatest sorrows of my life was when I had to be parted, even though for a little time, from a faithful and dear friend, an apostle of the Lord Jesus. I have known Nardi for over 15 years, but I had the privilege to know Brother Nardi intimately in this city of Rapallo where we met in June and July, 1914. He was a man of strong character, of simple faith, a man of charity and love. He loved the brethren and the believers with whom he prayed; he loved the young people who heard him gladly; he loved the common people, and he was greatly

moved when praying for them. He was a man of prayer, mighty in the Scriptures, sanctified by the spirit of Jesus, constantly in communion with the Master, an apostle whom Italy and the world needed. With equal facility he preached in several languages, and succeeded in gathering around him Christians of different nationalities who, in the Christian Meeting-hall of Rapallo edified each other in the presence of their beloved pastor, and with joy and simplicity of heart partook of the Lord's Supper. He had a melodious voice and filled with the Spirit, he preached not only by his words but by his whole life. His ritual was the Gospel, his catechism the Gospel, his theology the Gospel, and when we were thinking he was "the right man" for the little flock left to him by dear Brother Mauro, the Lord called him to Himself. He always was ready and watching like a true servant of God who knew the Father's voice, answered the call without hesitancy and without surprise, leaving his dear wife, so tried already, to travel alone the rest of the journey with equal strength of character, faith and trust in God.

Rev. Paolo Gay.

Tribute

WHEN I heard of the death of Mr. Nardi, I was deeply touched; for I knew what a great loss it meant to Italian Evangelization. Though I am not a convert of Mr. Nardi's preaching, I had the opportunity to hear him many, many times, and his sincere preaching of the Gospel left in me a deep impression. I felt the message was straight from God through him, for no one could do as he did unless God was with him.

I am sure there is not a work in the United States and Italy carried on among the Italians where the name of Mr. Nardi is not severed.

The sixty or more churches which were built through his untiring efforts will remain as monuments to his memory and a watch-tower of light to those who are living in darkness. We can truly say of Mr. Nardi: "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

Now he is with his Master enjoying the reward of his labors, where we shall meet him and join him in the song of Moses and the Lamb.

JOSEPH F. PIRETTI.

An Appreciation

I HAVE learned with deep sorrow of the home going of your beloved husband and that I really feel as if a member of my family had been stricken. I never knew a sweeter, purer, more heroic figure than Michele Nardi. Like so many of our Alliance people the revelation of Jesus transfigured him, and he will ever stand in my mental picture gallery as a companion picture to the radiant faces of John Cookman, Henry Wilson, A. J. Gordon, Dr. Barnet, Nellie Griffin, and others I could name. His soul was absolutely spotless and heavenly. His mind was keen, his ministry marvelously owned of God. He was, indeed, a Christian hero. I can scarcely sympathize with you, dear Blanche. It seemed fitting that he should be glorified, and soon we shall see him coming and hear him shout again, "Praise the Lord."

Rev. A. B. Simpson.

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